The Nation.

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The Week.

In estimating President Roosevelt's message, as in judging most of his writings, one feels the need of logical distinctions like those of the schoolmen. The difference, for example, between "property" and "accident" could never have been more useful than in separating the Rooseveltian chaff from the wheat. His purely *pro-forma* utterances; his care in saving the face of his party; his solemn platitudes; his earnest exhortations; his occasional easy descent from the sublime to the ridiculous—as in the lame conclusion of his argument that we must be prepared to whip all creation, and that, as a means to that end, "we should be able, in the event of some sudden emergency, to put into the field one first-class army corps"; his readiness to settle every problem, or at least to meddle with it—all this it is a convenience to set down as the *accidentia* of the message, and pass on to its essentials. First among the latter we would rank the spirit of the whole. It breathes of universal benevolence, and, with it, of an enormous extension of the powers of government. The President begins by speaking of "the enlargement of scope of the functions of the national Government required by our development as a nation." Taking this for granted, he mentions detail after detail which he would like to see brought under the control of Congress or of the Executive. Never before has a message invited Congress to solve the municipal problem in this country. One matter after another, now under local jurisdiction, Mr. Roosevelt is apparently impatient to see transferred to his broad shoulders. As Seward wrote to Lincoln, he shrinks from no burden.

Among his specific recommendations we note with pleasure that the President urges what is practically a Federal Corrupt Practices Act. Undeterred by the appearance of taking a leaf from Judge Parker's campaign speeches, he calls for stringent statutes against "bribery and corruption in Federal elections." Such laws, he says, should provide severe penalties for giving or receiving bribes, and also compel the publication of the expenditures not only of candidates, but of "political committees." The details President Roosevelt is willing to leave to "the wise discretion of Congress." The day before, Congressman Cockran introduced a bill aimed at the evil, and some Republican newspapers made fun of him for it; but it is now evident that the President is with him. Another Democratic position the President quietly annexes in saying of the Filipinos: "I most earnestly hope that in the end they will be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as Cuba now stands." Of course, he proceeds to qualify and hedge this about characteristically. He has some really comic remarks about those "foolish persons here at home" who have urged Filipino independence. Under that amiable designation, he describes President Eliot, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, and some hundreds of the most eminent Americans that could be named. Those "foolish persons" have simply advocated the promise of ultimate independence to the Filipinos, and argued that the Philippine problem is to be solved as was the Cuban problem. To this, President Roosevelt now assents in a message to Congress.

Tariff reduction, unlike charity, does not begin at home. It is easier to cut down the Panama customs a third by treaty than ours one per cent. by legislation. As for the agreement with the Republic of Panama, it provides a sensible if shuffling retreat from an anomalous embarrassment. Having created a republic *ad hoc*, we superimposed upon it with its two seaports a zone which we controlled absolutely. Besides the difficulty of a shared sovereignty, there was likely to be that of two tariff schedules. Evidently, the original Hay-Varilla treaty which contained this curious interweaving of powers was framed a little in gayety of heart. But matters have now been happily adjusted with some regard for the feelings of our opéra-bouffe wards. They are to reduce their duties one-third, and to admit free all materials used in the construction of the canal. In return for this concession, their grandam will give them the apple and the fig of collecting their own revenues themselves, and of issuing postage stamps (which, however, are to be supplied for canal-strip use at 40 per cent. of the face value) for the entire territory. The agreement leaves the semblance of sovereignty to our foundling, and, besides satisfying certain decent hypocrisies of the situation, does convey the indispensable benefit of a uniform tariff and internal free trade. Yet we must note again how ridiculously easy it seems to be to reduce the tariff of an independent Power; how impossible to lower our own by a hair.

Internal Revenue schedules, for some reason, have never been regarded as sacred, and the report that some of them may be revised this winter to meet the need for more revenue, disturbs nobody except the manufacturers directly concerned. Yet, for the matter of that, a particular industry can be fostered by the internal-revenue laws just as well as by the customs laws. The maker of wood alcohol is helped by the tax on grain alcohol, and the creamery by the tax on oleomargarine, just as much as the tin-plate manufacturer is by the tariff. Reports from Washington indicate that the tax on oleomargarine colored in imitation of butter is likely to be reduced from 10 cents to 3 or 4 cents per pound. This commodity illustrates very well the relation of high taxation to revenue. Under the old tax of 2 cents a pound on oleomargarine, added to the special taxes on its manufacturers, the Government received a revenue of $1,956,618.56 in 1899, $2,543,785.18 in 1900, and $2,944,492.46 in 1902. On July 1, 1902, however, through pressure of the dairy interests, the tax was raised to 10 cents on oleo colored in imitation of butter, and reduced on the uncolored article to ¼ of a cent per pound. The revenue for the ensuing year went down to $736,783.31, or about one-fourth what it had been the year before. Of this, $272,044.48 was paid on the colored, and $171,227.48 on the uncolored. The manufacturers meanwhile have turned their attention to making their product resemble butter without artificial tinting, and, in so far as they can do this, get the benefit of the lower tax.

Much of the comment on Saturday's official estimate of the cotton crop is wide of the mark. The Department of Agriculture, in fixing 12,162,000 bales as the probable yield, names a figure nearly a million bales above that of the largest crop ever previously picked. But it is not true that such a total would upset all recent expectations of the trade, and still less is it true, as the puzzled reader of many remarks on Saturday's cotton market might infer, that a twelve-million-bale crop is a "blow" to anybody. As a matter of fact, twelve million bales was the estimate of experienced students of the crop as much as two months ago, and a similar figure had been named, two days in advance of the Government estimate, by the leading Southern organ of the cotton planters. But more than this, it is a perfectly well-known fact that the hopeful sentiment which has grown so rapidly this autumn in the business community, was largely based on this belief in a "bumper" cotton crop.

President Woodrow Wilson, speaking before "The Virginians" last week,

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planned for a conservative reorganization of the Democratic party to be led by the South. He showed the ruin that Populism had wrought in the party, and urged that the Southern leaders, representing the last remnant of Democratic territory, should strike hands with all Northern Democrats who hate Bryanism and desire a return to the historic principles of moderation in the use of the power and the money of the State. As a pious wish this is admirable. The practical weakness of the position is, however, that the South has already supported precisely such a conservative reorganization, which has failed ignominiously. Nobody worked more faithfully for Judge Parker's nomination than John Sharp Williams and his associates; none but the Southern States gave Judge Parker electoral votes. President Wilson wishes to try the experiment again. Would there really be any better hope of success? Frankly, we do not expect to see any genuine rehabilitation of the party come from the South. Not that able leaders might not be drawn from that section, but that the rank and file is moved by no political principle of any sort. Held to the partisan standard by a race prejudice, the Democratic vote is cast indifferently for Mr. Bryan's heresies or Judge Parker's orthodoxies. Such voters contribute nothing but ballots, and the Democratic party needs chiefly ideas. These considerations make it appear that President Wilson's Macedonian cry, which is interesting because it expresses the heart of thousands of conservative Democrats, is directed to the wrong quarter.

Congressman John Sharp Williams's speech at Spartanburg on Friday was the frankest admission yet made in public by a Southern leader that the negro question had much to do with the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party on November 8. Summarizing the causes of that "stupendous result," Mr. Williams ranked second the widespread apprehension aroused in the Northern States by the lynching and disfranchisement of black men in the South. He said that he felt it his duty to say to a Southern audience that "things like the Statesboro affair must stop." For this stand Mr. Williams deserves all praise. When he declares that the whole fabric of civilization will be sapped unless we exalt that "law which Presidents and mobs should alike be made to respect and obey," he speaks like a civilized man and a patriot. Commendable, too, is his pledge to Mr. Roosevelt of the vote of a Democrat in the House for every Republican who abandons the President on the issue of tariff reform. This is simply to insist upon the measure rather than to stickle over the instrument, which is both common sense and statesmanship.

When Mr. Williams, however, turned to the political treatment of the negro, his clear-sightedness failed him. He has fearful visions of a South attacked and oppressed and degraded—but how? Why, merely by the demand that, in suffrage matters as in criminal matters, the law be enforced without discrimination on account of race or color! It is exactly the same principle which Mr. Williams himself upholds as against the lyncher. Make the law of the land respected and obeyed. Very well; no one asks more in connection with the black man's political rights. Mr. Williams complains that objection is made to a franchise based on education and property. But there is no Northern protest against that. Let the States, North or South, make the qualifications of a voter what they will, but see to it that they are applied impartially. This is the great difficulty with the Southern disfranchising statutes. They strike not at poverty and illiteracy as such, but purely at the poverty and illiteracy of negroes. The laws are artfully framed and craftily enforced so as to discriminate in favor of the ignorant and worthless white, too often at the expense of the educated and property-owning black. That is the standing injustice, and let Mr. Williams help the South honestly set about correcting it.

Mr. Joyner, the Superintendent of Education of North Carolina, has issued a table of the State's progress in school matters since 1900. This the Raleigh *Progressive Farmer* correctly characterizes as "a story of far greater import than any that has been graced with scare-head type on the first pages of our dailies." Four years ago the average school term lasted but 14.6 weeks; it is now 17. In 1900, 953 districts were without schoolhouses and 1,132 log-cabin houses were in use; to-day there are only 508 cabin schools, and but 527 districts without any houses. During this period the value of the public-school property has been increased by $700,000, about 75 per cent., and the enrolment of pupils has risen from 400,000 to 440,000. Just three times as much money was spent on schoolhouses in 1904 as in 1900, and the public-school fund is $1,765,362, as against $706,702. Of the larger sum, $330,000 was raised by local taxation in 229 districts, while only 30 districts contributed the $135,000 collected in 1900. In the latter year there was not a single school library; to-day Superintendent Joyner reports that there are 840, containing 75,000 volumes. There is, of course, still much to be done, for the average attendance is but 261,149 out of a school population of 673,774. Yet the improvement shows the substantial character of the educational revival which the Southern Education Board has done so much to stimulate.

"Receptive" is a new word which Gov. Odell adds to the bright lexicon of politics. The Governor-Chairman thinks that Frank S. Black is a "receptive candidate" for the United States Senatorship. To the lay reader the phrase might convey the idea that Mr. Black is entirely passive, perhaps actually reluctant to accept an office which the citizens of New York are dying to bestow upon him. Such, however, is far from being the case. In politics, "receptive" has a technical meaning. A candidate is receptive in the same sense that an ardent wooer is receptive; or, to use a more accurate comparison, the highwayman, who is willing to receive your watch and purse. The receptive candidate is "in the hands of his friends"; that is, he is moving heaven and earth and is imploring everybody he knows to turn in and work for him. He is "being talked of for the place"; that is, he is telling his heelers to shout for him and give the impression that he is the man for the job. He is "overwhelmed with requests to sacrifice his private interests and serve the public"; that is, he is pulling every wire to secure the election. Every trade has its special vocabulary.

If our State Supreme Court decision requiring five directors of the American Malting Company to refund more than a million dollars of dividends illegally declared is to become a precedent, a new use will have been found for dummy directors. The State statute forbids the granting of dividends except "from the surplus profits arising from the business," and holds liable, individually and severally, all directors who distribute moneys from any other source than net profits. It excepts, however, directors who register a protest against such an illegal division or are absent from the meeting. From now on it should be difficult to get a quorum at directors' meetings where the business in hand is voting away capital as dividends. In fact, the more questionable companies may be forced to maintain a dormant quorum of underclerks to vote unearned dividends, while the Messrs. Moneybags of the directorate remain in discreet and inexpensive aloofness. More seriously, this searching decision reinforces Judge Parker's view that we have only begun to realize the safeguards which the common law provides against rotten finance. Very much of the so-called Trust problem is merely a financial problem. The danger from the great corporations is less from their bigness than from their habit of operating under a blanket, thus fooling both the credulous investor and the naïve purchaser of their wares. It is unlikely that the Appellate Division will reverse the finding. Evidently a very potent weapon lies at hand for all who have suffered from rash and lawless handling of corporate funds. The directors of the American Malting Company

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are by no means the only ones who have mixed up principal and profits.

How shall the epidemic of desertions from the army be checked? This question is again troubling the War Department. Twenty years ago the evil was said to be due to the cessation of Indian warfare, and the dulness of the piping times of peace. Later it was thought to be due to carelessness in recruiting. All sorts of causes have since been pronounced responsible, including, of course, the stopping of the sale of beer in post canteens. Gen. Chaffee, in his annual report, is shocked at the fact that one in every ten men ran away during the last fiscal year, and he finds our military prisons full to overflowing. As Secretary Taft repeats the familiar assertion that our army is the "best fed, best paid, best clothed, and best sheltered in the world," the Chief of Staff does not devote much time to seeking causes within the service, but urges as a panacea the disfranchisement of the deserter in town, State, and national elections. Now, disfranchisement as a penalty for crime never, we believe, deterred one criminal in a hundred. Moreover, in this vast country the possibility of running down voters in all our States who may be living under assumed names thousands of miles from where they deserted, is a practical impossibility. As a matter of fact, comparatively few deserters are caught and punished. What the situation calls for is a great improvement in our corps of officers, now largely filled up with technically untrained men and political favorites, and the punishment of company and regimental commanders whose men desert in droves. Frequent desertions generally mean the incompetence or harshness of the responsible officers.

Eleven years and one month ago the last world's fair in this country closed its doors at Chicago. Seventeen years' separated that show from its predecessor, the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. It was obviously impossible for any exhibition this year to make an advance upon the Columbian Exposition comparable to the latter's improvement over former world's fairs. No innovation which science has produced since 1893 could make such an impression as did the lavish electric illumination seen for the first time at Chicago. Thus the Exposition commemorative of the Louisiana Purchase excelled rather in bigness and in novelty of particular exhibits than in originality of scope and plan. It has been charged that the publicity department did not intelligently perform the task of interesting Eastern people in the enterprise; but it is certain that, in view of the smaller expositions at Buffalo, Omaha, and Charleston since 1893, a great many people decided offhand that they had had enough of fairs. At all events, the incomplete figures given out on the closing day show a striking difference in the popular interest. At Chicago the total admissions numbered 23,529,212 during six months, while at St. Louis in seven months there were only 18,317,457. The receipts from admissions and concessions this year are estimated at $10,000,000, while in 1893, according to the auditor's report, these two sources brought in $14,325,911.

If the Comic spirit ever condescends to mere politics, she will not fail to enjoy the precious spectacle of M. Jaurès, the great Socialist orator of France, at pistol point with the nationalist poet Déroulède for the sake of the memory of Joan of Arc. In fact, it is a most impish destiny that has given M. Jaurès as a champion and Mark Twain as a biographer to the visionary of Domremy. As for the former, he is by all Socialistic principles bound to detest the aristocratic code of the duello. Yet it is not the first time that the eloquent Jaurès has preferred the truth of action to that of consistency. Only the other day he defended the system by which promotion is refused to army officers whose wives and daughters are Roman Catholics. But not so long ago Mlle. Jaurès received her first communion, yet her father remains leader of the *bloc*. The duel between Jaurès and Déroulède thus resembles a little the unseemly contest at Ophelia's grave. It is a case of proving not who is disloyal, but who is most truly loyal. Disinterested observers hoped to hear of the usual innocuous "exchange of two balls at twenty-five paces," and they were not disappointed. The combatants were uninjured. Without either of the rival champions French politics would be distinctly duller.

Count Tolstoy has never been more uncompromisingly the quietist than in his letter on the zemstvo congress. He deprecates the agitation because no reform is possible except that of the individual. "It puts before the nation and before individuals the pernicious belief that social improvements can be wrought by mere change of forms." France, England, and America, he maintains, prove that "Constitutional government is no cure for the evils that afflict mankind." Accordingly, his advice to the peasants whom he loves would be to rest content without education, without a free press, without open and even justice, and set themselves steadfastly to their own personal regeneration. Now, it is certain that the text "The kingdom of Heaven is within you" cannot be preached too often, but it is amazing that Tolstoy should not perceive that the zemstvo gathering is itself an extraordinary expression of individual initiative. Finding its beginning in the generous purpose of Prince Mirsky, it became possible only through the ardent and undaunted desire for reform of a handful of local leaders. If ever a movement was personal, this is. And these champions fight against unrighteousness in institutions precisely in the spirit that the Gospel fights it in the individual sinner. It is a curious perversion of vision which makes the drunkard next door loom larger than the tyranny that oppresses alike the drunk and the sober.

The capture of 203-Metre Hill apparently presages the speedy fall of Port Arthur. It is high time, not merely because of the ominous deadlock of the armies below Mukden and the threatening approach of Rozhestvensky's fleet, but because of the rapidly waning Japanese prestige. The Mikado's Government has shown its own nervousness over the delay in taking the fortress by freely giving out the news of each success achieved by Nogi's forces, in remarkable contrast to its absolute silence during the first three months of the investment. The possession of Port Arthur, practically the one ice-free harbor within the sphere of operations, will not only release Togo's fleet, now doing ineffective blockade duty, but will make the supplying of Oyama's forces much easier than would otherwise be possible, by way of Dalny and Niu-Chwang. Next to the freeing of Nogi's troops for cooperation with Oyama, this is the most important effect the fall will have upon the situation below Mukden. It is now more than questionable whether there is still time and opportunity to renew the Russian repulse. Kuropatkin has met with no decisive defeat, and still holds Mukden, while acquiring daily better trained troops than those with which he fought the earlier battles. We may well ask whether the choice of Port Arthur instead of Mukden as the chief objective of the campaign has not been an almost fatal error of the Japanese strategists. Certainly, in the light of actual events, the true policy of the Japanese General Staff would seem to have been the "containing" of Gen. Stoessel's forces with the smallest possible army, and the bending of every energy towards the smashing of Kuropatkin before reinforcements could reach him. For some mysterious reason, the Japanese initiative came to an end on September 4th with the battle of Liaoyang. Since that time—that is, for three precious months—Oyama has been as if paralyzed and has accomplished almost nothing. If the secret of this inaction proves to have been the draining of the northern forces to effect the fall of Port Arthur, there should be no limit to Russian eulogies of Gen. Stoessel and his soldiers for the stubbornness of their defence.

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"TAXING PATRIOTISM" AND OTHER THINGS.

Senator Fairbanks has never been thought of as a speaker whose words are half-battles in their downright conviction and plain-spoken fearlessness. No one would think of applying to him what was said of the blunt Duke of Devonshire: "What a comfort it is to find a man who means what he says, and means you to understand what he says." Yet even the Indiana Senator, whose valorous timidity and determined ambiguity have become proverbial in Washington, takes his stand with the President in declaring that the Republican party must put its hand to the work of revising the tariff. In the very holy of holies of protection, the Home Market Club of Boston, the impious man reached forth his hand last week to touch the ark of Dingleyism—and was not struck dead.

One of Mr. Fairbanks's phrases was that the task before the party victorious in the last election "will tax our patriotism." Doubtless, but something else will also have to be taxed. The Treasury cannot be filled by a levy on patriotism. It seems a pity that so abundant an article cannot be taxed. If every campaign orator or candidate for office were required to commute his overflowing patriotism into a cash contribution in support of the Government, either the public revenue would be much greater or the visible supply of patriotism much smaller. Before the tithingman, we fear, patriotism would be as fugitive as capital is said to be. But, that taxable failing, it is evident that others have got to be found.

It is, indeed, growingly apparent that the financial needs of the Government will force an early change in our tax laws, if nothing else does. The gravity of the outlook deepens month by month. November recorded another deficit in the Treasury operations—this time of more than $4,000,000. The receipts showed a gain of about $1,000,000, but the expenses were larger by $2,250,000 than in November, 1903. For the fiscal year to date the deficit is $25,920,000. Secretary Shaw, it will be remembered, estimated the deficit for the entire year at $23,000,000. It is nearly $3,000,000 more in only five months. The Secretary, moreover, made his estimate of a year ago "upon the basis of existing laws." But the laws were not left as then existing. No acts were passed to increase the revenue, but many to deplete it. The consequence is a deficit running beyond Secretary Shaw's prediction, and promising to double it by the end of the fiscal year.

Nor is this the whole of the story. Expenditures are certain to mount if plans already made are not to be relinquished. Rural free delivery has now an acquired momentum which is destined to carry it speedily over the entire country. But it is a costly service, and means postal deficits doubled or quadrupled soon. It is mighty convenient for Uncle Jed, seven miles from Neck of the Woods, to have his mail left at the door by carrier, but it takes a lot of money to make the old gentleman so comfortable. Somebody has to furnish it, which simply means that somebody has to be taxed. Similarly of the millions required for the Panama Canal and for the ever swelling military outlay. Ways and means of raising the necessary funds must quickly be devised. The old happy-go-lucky days of self-balancing budgets are past. Government expenses are palpably outrunning income, and the ugly alternative of new taxes or bankruptcy will soon be confronting the Treasury.

Few Republican leaders have shown due appreciation of this aspect of tariff revision. The President has not, publicly. Perhaps this is because customs duties have not been thought of as taxes. The pleasant conception has been that they are a kind of American magic, filling the country with prosperity and the Treasury with surplus revenues. But the days of that ignorance are rapidly passing. The tariff now stands out as requiring overhauling, not only because it is a social and commercial grievance, but because it is an exceedingly vicious tax law. As such, it meets none of the main requirements. It is neither simple, equitable, nor so productive as it might easily be made. The mouth of a European Finance Minister would fairly water at the thought of the great revenues he could raise out of the American people if given a free hand to tax them with an eye solely to the Treasury return. And it is certain that the time is near when the wit of our statesmen will be exercised to put more money in the public purse upon which such cumulative demands are made.

"To tax and to please," we have it on high authority, is no more given to mortals than to love and be wise. Yet the Republican party has got to do the taxing, whether the pleasing follows or not. The system of indirect taxation is breaking down. The revenue derived from the skilfully concealed taxes which are called protective duties is no longer to be adequate, and we shall have perforce to advance beyond that stage when, as Senator Mason of Virginia wrote to Cobden: "Our people are not yet philosophical enough to know that it is safer to feel the tax when you pay it, than to pay it without feeling it."

SMALLER VOTE, LARGER MAJORITY.

As the official returns from one State after another have come to hand, certain facts about the election scarcely indicated in the first announcement of results begin to stand out strikingly. It was the current impression on the day after the election, for instance, that record-breaking majorities must be the accompaniment of a record-breaking vote. On the contrary, it now appears almost certain that the popular vote is several hundred thousand smaller than it was in 1900, which was itself about the same as in 1896. It has also been assumed that the election went overwhelmingly one way because of the great multitude of Democrats and first voters who, by reason of personal admiration for Mr. Roosevelt, came over and voted the Republican ticket. This view, too, is put in a new light by the later returns, which show that Roosevelt's lead over Parker was composed of more than three parts Democratic losses to one part Republican gains.

The latest figures now obtainable, partly unofficial and in a few cases estimated, show that Roosevelt received 7,634,793 votes and Parker 5,061,041. In 1900 McKinley had 7,217,810, and Bryan 6,357,826. Thus Roosevelt's gain over McKinley's vote was only 416,983, while Parker's loss from the Bryan vote was approximately three times that figure, or 1,296,785. For every new recruit in the Republican army, there were three deserters from the enemy's camp.

Now, as to the total vote. The combined vote for Roosevelt and Parker was 12,695,834, which was 879,802 less than the combined vote of McKinley and Bryan. Add 600,000 for the Socialist vote, and the total is still about 675,000 short of the total vote of all parties in 1900 which was 13,961,566. There is no reason for believing that the Populist, Prohibitionist, and Socialist-Labor candidates had anything like that difference. Thus, unless some of the State votes yet to be canvassed have been preposterously under or over-estimated, it is hard to escape the surprising conclusion that, in the year of this unexampled party triumph, the number of persons voting was actually less than it was eight years ago.

Looking only at the change of votes since 1900, the States may be divided into four groups. In only three States—Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina—was Parker's vote larger than Bryan's, and Roosevelt's smaller than McKinley's. In eight others—Alabama, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia—both Parker and Roosevelt received fewer votes than Bryan and McKinley, respectively. In four — Delaware, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and West Virginia—Parker's vote was larger than Bryan's, and Roosevelt's larger than McKinley's. In the other thirty, Roosevelt had more votes than McKinley, and Parker less votes than Bryan. But we find, further, that in only ten of these—Connecticut, Idaho, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Utah, Vermont, Washington, and Wyoming—did Roosevelt's gain over the McKinley vote exceed Parker's loss from the Bryan vote.

The following table, in which the ma-

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jority of the items are still subject to correction, shows how the party votes fluctuated in these groups:

	Roosevelt loss.	Parker gain.
Georgia	11,032	1,772
Mississippi	1,253	3,294
South Carolina	1,308	5,630
Total	13,593	10,696

	Roosevelt loss.	Parker loss.
Alabama	26,160	16,511
Kentucky	26,801	24,899
Maine	51	9,275
Maryland	29,815	12,825
North Carolina	48,081	32,753
Tennessee	1,194	4,751
Texas	5,641	127,423
Virginia	69,415	65,342
Total	205,164	293,788

	Roosevelt gain.	Parker gain.
Delaware	176	762
Massachusetts	15,686	11,279
Rhode Island	7,114	5,112
West Virginia	12,425	1,560
Total	35,401	18,713

	Roosevelt gain.	Parker loss.
Connecticut	8,532	1,088
Idaho	20,186	10,994
Nevada	2,240	2,176
New Jersey	23,431	258
New York	18,008	14,386
Pennsylvania	128,284	86,244
Utah	15,305	12,593
Vermont	4,891	3,072
Washington	37,544	14,833
Wyoming	5,789	1,287
Total	244,200	146,331

	Roosevelt gain.	Parker loss.
Arkansas	1,940	16,411
California	34,813	39,300
Colorado	12,606	46,551
Florida	895	1,214
Illinois	34,760	185,055
Indiana	32,226	35,239
Iowa	7,192	44,265
Kansas	24,918	77,801
Louisiana	767	3,671
Michigan	45,731	58,685
Minnesota	24,387	56,245
Missouri	7,356	66,075
Montana	8,645	16,365
Nebraska	16,723	62,237
New Hampshire	821	2,328
North Dakota	2,109	3,519
Ohio	76,079	117,228
Oregon	3,929	15,864
South Dakota	7,964	11,844
Wisconsin	14,288	25,178
Total	356,149	886,175

Those now pathetic maps of "sure" and "doubtful" States circulated before election may be examined in connection with this table. There is a possible grain of cold comfort in the showing made by Parker in those States which were made the battleground. There were fourteen States in which there was supposed to be some element of doubt—Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and Montana. Every one of them went Republican, except Maryland, yet it would appear that the Democratic candidate was a trifle more successful in keeping up the party strength to the standard of 1900 than he was in the country at large. To use the comparison suggested above, the Republican plurality for the whole country was made up of 28 per cent. Republican gains and 72 per cent. Democratic losses. In the fourteen selected States the plurality was obtained by 31 per cent. Republican gains, 69 per cent. Democratic losses. The group of States to which Parker's candidacy was expected to make the strongest appeal, New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut, appear in the list of States in which Roosevelt's gains over McKinley were greater numerically than Parker's losses from the Bryan vote. In only three of the States of the solid South did the bitter animosities against President Roosevelt result in cutting down his vote while increasing that of Parker.

LITTLE WAYS OF SENATORS.

United States Senators are, like Milton, stars that dwell apart, yet, also like Milton, they lay "the lowliest duties" on their hearts. Nothing, in fact, is too lowly for them, if it relate to patronage. Treaties and tariffs they may pass by in lordly scorn; but if it is a question of appointing a fourteenth assistant anywhere, they instantly become like so many Maher-shalal-hash-bazes, or hasteners to the spoil. Their position is that, whether in reality they have anything to do with naming a given man for a given office or not, they must appear to have everything to do with it. The whole system of Senatorial privilege would come tumbling about their ears if the idea once got abroad that a bad appointment could be made by the President except upon their initiative and responsibility. With a frankness as appalling as that of the prophet Amos, they ask, "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"—for "Lord," of course, they naturally, as expert textual critics, read "a Senator."

Mr. Alger of Michigan is the latest to exemplify the method of keeping a Senator's true grandeur unimpaired. Word was brought to him that the President was about to appoint an assistant secretary to be credited to Michigan. For one anguished moment Alger hesitated; then, remembering what was due to his office, he moved promptly upon the White House. He had no objection to the Michigan appointee. He did not know the man, and had never heard of him. That had nothing to do with the case; but it was a matter of life and death that it should be announced that the appointment had been made on Senator Alger's recommendation. The end of the republic would be in sight if a Senator were not to be permitted to telegraph to a citizen of his State, upon whom he had never set eyes and about whom personally he did not care the tenth part of a straw, "The President has been pleased to accede to my request that you be appointed seventeenth deputy collector."

Our own Senator Platt has frequently shown a singular agility of mind in explaining that the President had done just what he desired. This has sometimes been a difficult feat. After you have publicly declared that you will have A for a certain office, or know the reason why, it is not easy to maintain suitable gravity when you announce that the President has named B at your special request. But Platt has been often equal to this. Long practice, or a decayed sense of humor, enables him now to say with perfect *aplomb* that he is "much gratified" at the way in which the President has acted upon his suggestions. The thing becomes amusingly or pathetically transparent in a man like Platt, whom age is depriving of caution as well as personal dignity. He babbles freely of what he is going to make the President do, but is smilingly "gratified" when the opposite is done. "Do not beat me, I beg; but if you will, why, I am thine ass."

It would be a mistake, however, to look at this relation of Senators to the appointing power wholly in its mirthful aspect. It is much more than a laughing matter. The very fussiness and self-betrayals of Senators point to the serious evil behind all. The Senate is evermore grasping for power. By closer and closer parallels and remorseless sapping like those of the Japanese at Port Arthur, Senators have been for years encroaching upon the Presidential prerogative. It is a process which is never stayed. Occasional defeats only make the usurping Senators more determined next time. They are bent on transmuting the power to confirm into the power to appoint. Some Presidents yield more than others, but all yield something; and that something is at once made the basis for renewed and more arrogant demands. No circumstances, no public exigency, can make a Senator feel that he has not been robbed of his prey if an office is refused him. The appetite for patronage is insatiable. Mr. Rhodes's last volume brings out the fact that Jefferson Davis was often harried by Confederate Senators on the hunt for spoils. At the very moment when the South was in the death-grapple of the war, a bitter row over the postmastership at Montgomery, Alabama, brought a caustic refusal from Davis to be dictated to by Senators.

President Roosevelt wrote to Congressman Gardiner roundly denying the latter's cool assertion that Senators make appointments to office. "Not while I am President," said Mr. Roosevelt. Still, he admitted that he "consults" Senators about patronage, and tries to meet their views. But he would be the last man to say there was not peril in the method, and that he had not often been imposed upon. He duly "consulted" the Illinois Senators before appointing the notorious "Doc" Jameson naval officer in Chicago—an act which filled his friends out there with amazement. Obviously, it is purely a rule of thumb which the President has adopted. He simply endeavors to "get on" with the Senate. To some Senators he gives practically a free hand; upon others he keeps a jealous watch. The whole relation is unstable and unsatisfactory, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt will try to work out a more definite and safer system. Let him not be afraid of thwarting Senators.

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That is better than allowing them to thwart him. And so closely, under the system, is legislation tied up to patronage, public policy to Senatorial privilege, that the President's desire to put through Congress measures for the public benefit will be in great danger of frustration unless he shows that he means to preserve his Constitutional right both to appoint to office and to recommend laws, in full vigor.

OUR NAVAL POLICY.

Secretary Morton's first annual report bears all the earmarks of one young in office. There is a touch of the comic in his moving references to the infallibility of judgment displayed by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, seven or eight years ago. But there can be no doubt that Secretary Morton's jingo call for a very great navy meets with Mr. Roosevelt's approval. There is the same familiar assurance which we have so often had from Mr. Roosevelt's lips, that the best preparation for peace is the expenditure of millions on battleships, and the same urgent warnings that we must have more vessels and many more officers and men to man them. With youthful pride Mr. Morton asserts that "never before were so many warships launched by this or any other nation in one year," and he rather glories in the fact that the naval estimates for next year—114 millions—are "the largest ever submitted." He heartily endorses the Imperialistic policy of the General Board of the navy, which would give us an enormous fleet, surpassed only by England's. He does not repeat his Chicago spread-eaglism that we want the "greatest navy on earth," but he comes uncomfortably close to it in his statement that "we want such a navy in size, style, and 'sand' that no other navy will ever desire an engagement with us."

It would be easy enough to show the impossibility of our ever achieving this ideal, so long as the men of Great Britain stand by their present naval policy. It would not be difficult to point out, too, that no foreign navy has attacked us or tried to attack us for nearly a century, and that no periods in our national history were more full of peace with honor than those years during which our navy was at its smallest. But the urgent issue of the moment is the necessity of formulating a national policy which shall not be determined by a few naval officers bent on the aggrandizement and glorification of their own department of the Government and themselves.

The navy has now grown to such proportions that conservative navy officers have themselves protested — but, of course, privately as a rule—against further increase. What is the end to be achieved? The historic policy of the country has been one of defence, pure and simple. It was on this ground that the recommendations of the Endicott fortifications board were accepted in 1886, under which there have already been expended 110 millions on our harbor fortifications, and for which 65 millions more are needed. In his annual report just issued the Chief of Artillery, Gen. J. P. Story, seems certain that our harbors can be fortified against any naval attack by torpedoes at a cost of only $3,819,420, less than that of a single battleship. With our present land batteries and fleet, which already ranks third among those of the nations, it is impossible to believe that any foreign Power could obtain a lodgment on our shores. No sound military mind will deny this or refuse to admit that in the Atlantic Ocean alone we have an ally worth dozens of battleships.

Why, then, should we pile Pelion on Ossa by adding battleship after battleship? The General Board, or any other board, will never have enough. When our fleet has surpassed that of France, the cry will be to outstrip England; should it be possible to leave England behind, we should soon be told wnat the English taxpayers have heard for decades, that their fleet must surpass any *two foreign* navies in "size, style, and sand." Moreover, our own activity in creating warships is already stimulating other nations to increase their output. But, waiving this, one fact remains undisputed: our navy is no longer one merely for defence; it is an *offensive* fleet—unlike Germany's or Italy's—meant to carry war into the furthermost quarters of the globe, and as such it is a radical departure from the historic policy of defence, which cannot be checked too soon.

Every war of recent times, including that between Russia and Japan, has shown the superiority of coast defences over attacks from the sea. Admiral Togo's fleet is powerless before Port Arthur, even now when the war vessels in the harbor may practically be counted out. At Matanzas, San Juan, and Santiago our fleet merely scratched the enemy's defences. Simple floating mines as used off the Mantchurian coast had done more damage to the fleets of both Japan and Russia than torpedo boats and ships' batteries, up to the time of the sortie of the Port Arthur fleet. Not a single Japanese ship has succumbed to anything but a floating mine. The defence of Port Arthur on the land side points afresh the truth that under modern conditions the defenders are rapidly gaining in power over the besiegers. Why, then, should the United States, safeguarded by the oceans, launch vessel after vessel, always with the hypocritical assurance that each is dedicated to peace? With such an inflammable people as our own has been demonstrated to be by the Venezuelan and Cuban episodes, the possession of so formidable a weapon of offence as our fleet already is constitutes a menace to the world's peace. It should be noted that the Russian newspapers are already remarking how ill our naval programme goes with the President's summoning of another Hague Conference.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE MINISTRY.

"How can men be induced to enter the ministry?" This, according to the morning papers, was the subject discussed at a recent meeting of prominent Protestant clergymen. Statements in regard to the dwindling numbers of aspirants for the ministry have often been published. A New Haven correspondent, for example, wrote a day or two ago that, among the 483 Yale graduates from 1701 to 1744, there were 226 clergymen; fourteen classes of the first half of the nineteenth century show about 31 per cent. in the ministry, but among the present living graduates only 7 per cent. are clergymen. Still more striking are the facts in regard to abandoning the profession. Out of 849 graduates of the Yale Theological School, 208, or nearly one-fourth, have left the ministry. On this point of wholesale desertions, Everett T. Tomlinson contributes an interesting bit of testimony in the December issue of the *World's Work*. He wrote to twenty "successful ministers" asking whether, if they had their lives to live over again, they would make the same choice. Seven gave an enthusiastic affirmative, three were undecided, nine replied "No" positively, and one declared he would be glad to take up the work if he could avoid being "ordained." If these twenty men be fairly representative, the quarter who withdraw are matched by another quarter who stay reluctantly. The problem, then, is not only how to get men to preach, but how to keep them preaching.

The causes that deter men from becoming clergymen are to-day pretty obvious. The old prejudice that "learning hath always been an enemy to the gospel" is still alive. Indeed, the struggle between rigid ecclesiastics on one hand and scientists and scholars on the other, first over evolution, and then over the higher criticism, has dealt a severer blow to the Church than the gentlemen who now so gracefully acquiesce in the new doctrines imagine. The average man of forty can remember when Darwin and Huxley, as well as the "whole tribe of German blasphemers," were denounced from one end of the land to the other as foes of religion. In 1876, when Huxley visited this country and lectured on the evolution of the horse, the pulpit triumphantly answered that Robert Bonner had never observed in the horse's hoof the rudiments of digits. In those days learned bishops

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rested their case on the facetious remark that, though Darwin might be descended from a monkey, they were not. It is all very well for them to say now that the theory of evolution is a singularly beautiful as well as orthodox explanation of the ways of God to man. The old contest is not forgotten, especially while the reactionary religious press keeps up its din about the higher criticism. Young men, viewing the past and the present, scrutinize the ordination vows, and frankly say they will not put their necks into the noose.

They are especially reluctant when they see the humiliations to which many clergymen are subjected. "I pity a priest-ridden people," said Rowland Hill, "but a people-ridden priest is a still greater object of compassion." Of course, things are not so bad as when Wesley complained that one man would not listen to him for fear of hearing something against cock-fighting; but the reluctance of our preachers to touch their most influential parishioners on the raw is proverbial. The Baptist pulpit and press, for instance, are generally willing to leave the shortcomings of John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company to the ruthless hand of Miss Tarbell in *McClure's*. The Methodists spoke softly to the late Daniel Drew while he was engaged in the beneficent project of founding a theological seminary at Madison, New Jersey. When an enterprise is frankly commercial, the promoter of it is scarcely blamed if he watches narrowly to see on which side his bread is buttered; but trimming and cringing are not edifying in avowed teachers of morality, and must be nauseating to the man who is forced to such compromises with his soul. In short, high-spirited and independent men keep out of the ministry for the same reason that they keep out of certain kinds of journalism. There are few pulpits, just as there are few newspapers, in which they will not be the slave to some party or creed; in which they will not have to commit their consciences to the keeping of powerful patrons—large contributors to so-called religious work, heavy advertisers.

A speaker in the meeting of clergymen just recorded urged that "appeals for the ministry should emphasize the heroic." This is all very well; but where is the Carnegie to provide a "hero fund"? The man of exceptional courage and power, your Luther or your Wesley, can defy the conventions of a smug morality, can proclaim his independence and compel support. But epoch-making reformers are not bred by the hundred thousand to fill our small country pulpits. The recruits must come from men of average mind and conscience. If they pray for rain, they alienate the half of the parish that is haying; if they pray for dry weather, they offend the half that is growing crops. Whatever they pray for, they look forward to the "dead line" at fifty years. If they try to thrust down the throats of their cynical and case-hardened old trustees the rudiments of decency, they are laughed at as fanatics, and their families—always large—freeze and starve.

No marvel, then, that, in spite of the attractions of the high calling, so many pastors fear their strength is spent in vain; and that the heads of theological schools complain that the young men committed to their charge are—though not in the Biblical sense—poor in spirit. Yet in this matter, as in all others, the churches probably get what they deserve.

MRS. GILBERT AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.

There is an old saying that the true value of a thing is not known until it is lost, and it often holds good when applied to persons. Thousands of men and women all over the United States have experienced a feeling of personal loss in hearing of the death of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, but few of them, perhaps, will realize the full significance to the stage of her sudden and unexpected, though not premature, taking off. Actually, it marks the end of an epoch. She was the last surviving representative of a type that is now extinct, the real actress thoroughly trained in every branch of her art or profession, ready at a moment's notice to take her part in tragedy, all sorts of comedy or farce, as occasion might require, and play it competently, if not brilliantly, in the proper style and spirit, without undue assertion of her own private individuality.

To-day there is not a single actress belonging to the English-speaking stage on this side of the Atlantic of whom this could be said truthfully; and if there are any on the other, they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The same remark would apply equally to actors. The only player on the English-speaking stage who can rightfully be called a great actor is Sir Henry Irving. He, in spite of all his exasperating mannerisms, exhibits a wide versatility, as well as a complete mastery of the esssential theatrical accomplishments. Of performers, male and female, who are eminently proficient in certain lines of drama, there is a considerable number, but the vast majority of them can shine only in characters to which their own habitual speech and manner happen to be appropriate. It need not be denied that some of them are endowed with the acting instinct—most of us have that—in an uncommon degree, but this gift is practically ineffectual because it has never been developed by proper discipline. With the requisite training they might have been Keans or Booths by this time, but, being ignorant of the fundamental principles of their art, of the manifold secrets of elocution, carriage, gesture, pose, and behavior, they are debarred from entering the higher regions of the literary and imaginative drama, where their defects would inevitably make them ridiculous. This is one reason of the prevalence of the realistic drama, which is mimetic rather than imaginative, and therefore is less likely to exact the highest acting qualifications on the part of its interpreters. Actors naturally prefer plays in which their limitations are least exposed, and demand creates supply. The luckless public has no voice in the matter; it must take what it can get.

Now, Mrs. Gilbert never was, and never pretended to be, a great actress. It does not appear, indeed, that in her earlier days she revealed any special inclination toward or aptitude for a stage career. She began life as a dancer, and, after abandoning the footlights—for ever, as she hoped—she was driven back to them by force of circumstances. Her first essays in acting were the result of domestic necessity, and occurred when she was approaching her thirtieth year. She had neither rare beauty nor genius, but she had courage and perseverance, and the best of all possible schools—the old stock companies, with the example of great actors for her instruction and encouragement. In this consists the main significance of her remarkable career. She enjoyed the inestimable privilege of constant association with past masters in all departments of histrionism, and of learning from hearing and observation the mysteries of speech and action. Her progress was slow but steady, and long before she had reached middle age she was acknowledged to be one of the best "old women" of her time, in both old and new comedy, and was judged worthy to play Lady Macbeth in company with such tragedians as the Booths and Forrest.

It is not, however, the object of this article to enumerate her acting triumphs, but to direct attention to the training which enabled her to achieve them. Doubtless, her experience as a dancer—as in another notable instance, that of Ellen Terry—contributed largely to the grace of movement for which she always was conspicuous; but it was in the stock companies, in which she often played three different characters in one night, that this English country girl acquired the polished and elaborate manner associated with the old high comedy, the dignified repose and larger gesture befitting tragedy, the natural ease of modern comedy, the legitimate exaggerations of melodrama, and, above all, the faculty of clear, melodious, unaffected, nicely modulated, and correctly emphasized utterance. Even in extreme old age her cultivated speech was a delight to the appreciative listener, and a ceaseless reproach to the slovenly

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chatter of most of her younger companions.

She belonged to two dramatic eras, and the ease with which she adapted herself to the requirements of the frivolous modern drama afforded incontrovertible testimony to the value of the arduous schooling which she received in the period and under the system which produced Macready, Edmund Kean, the Booths, Phelps, Davenport, the Wallacks, and many others scarcely less illustrious. Where are their compeers to-day? She was but an humble member of that brilliant confraternity, but she could measure herself with the leaders of it without incurring humiliation; and when that mighty generation passed away and the education of actors was ended by the speculative monopoly which destroyed competition and obliterated the stock companies, she survived to demonstrate by actual comparison the superiority of trained skill over the raw material.

Does anybody suppose that her immense popularity during her long career at Daly's was due wholly, or even chiefly, to popular affection for her personally? The good public is not so sentimental. Her age won her some sympathy, but it was the certainty that she would afford excellent entertainment that made her a universal favorite. She played many parts, some better than others, but failed in none. At the last, when eighty-three years old, she became a "star" for the purpose of saying farewell, and amazed even her oldest admirers by the vigor and beauty of her acting. It is a record without a parallel, and her death at the very climax of a long and honorable career can scarcely be called unhappy. The old order changeth, giving place to new, but the new is not necessarily the better. Mrs. Gilbert belonged to both, and in her life there is a pregnant lesson for her younger contemporaries if they choose to profit by it.

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS AND ITS PROBLEMS.

EL PASO, TEXAS, November 19, 1904.

The twelfth Irrigation Congress has closed here. The attendance was small, compared with the preparations, and many of the members who did participate were late in arriving. Most of the railroads giving access to El Paso had been washed out. Some had suffered to the extent of millions of dollars, and from their roadbeds hundreds of thousands of tons of material had been washed away. But, among the many subjects discussed, none bore upon one of the most vital questions affecting Western irrigation—the liability of the storage reservoirs, now being built across the beds of mountain streams, to be filled, in abnormally rainy seasons, such as the past, with rocks and sand instead of water. The members in attendance had had visible demonstration of the terrific effects of violent storms in the arid regions, and could therefore have formed some opinion, not only of the consequent difficulty, of building dams strong enough to resist the floods, but of the probability that the dams, if they stood the strain, must inevitably be filled with that heavy débris which is carried down with each successive torrent in incalculable quantities. No paper was read on this momentous subject, and words of caution, if uttered, were spoken in a whisper.

As was shown by Pinchot and others in the forestry division, the destruction of the forests was one cause of these fearfully disastrous floods; but the wisdom of building dams as storage reservoirs where, besides catching water, they must unavoidably catch rocks, was not criticised. It is, of course, inevitable that, in a congress collected admittedly to promote a cause—especially so glorious a cause from every point of view as the reclamation of land from the desert—words of dissent, and even of warning, would sound like a discordant note; but it is to be regretted that this phase of the subject does not receive more attention. In the estimation of many men who know from long experience the vagaries and the incalculable force of a Western stream when converted into a raging torrent, some of the plans now being carried out at large expense will result in disappointment and even failure.

The hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey has measured and tried to estimate the force of the flow at different seasons in the rivers which, when in flood, are to provide water wherewith to irrigate during the dry season the land tributary to them. But observations and calculations made for nine successive years will be lamentably contradicted by an extraordinary flood in perhaps the tenth year, when, for an hour or less, what is not inaptly called a cloudburst falls upon even a small section of the drainage area of a river. When this happens, the very earth seems to melt, and as great a volume of sand and rock as of water appears to be carried into the channel from every hillside by the impetuosity of the storm. The bed of the stream, dry an hour before, is filled with a furious river, carrying down rocks of such size that the noise caused by their impact, as they are hurled against one another, can be heard above the roaring of the waters. Such storms and such effects occur only at long intervals, but they occur sooner or later in every section of our arid region, and one such flood will fill the largest storage reservoir built across the channel of the stream itself.

The same effect is produced by such heavy rain, falling for some hours over a large area, as did such damage on the Santa Fé Railroad in the beginning of last October. Seven inches of rain fell in one night. The flood rushed down the narrow bed of the creek which flows through Trinidad, Col., carrying away the railroad station, with three lines of track, and leaving in its wake the wreckage of seven steel bridges, while in New Mexico, south of the same Raton Range, mile after mile of track and embankment was swept away—whither? To the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, simply because there was no storage reservoir to stop them before they reached their destination.

President Roosevelt has done no better service to the country than in exciting enthusiasm over the irrigation of our great Western domain, and his efforts to prevent the absorption, by speculative companies, of fertile land capable of irrigation, and preserve it for the farmer, should be effectively seconded by Federal and local legislatures. His letter to the Irrigation Congress should find hearty response in the East as well as in the West.

As to the forest-reserve legislation of Congress, the only regret which we can feel is that it has come too late. But the terrible local floods which are becoming more and more frequent and disastrous are due to the denudation of the whole country, not only of trees, but of grass, through the overstocking of the ranges. As most of the plains and mountains over which cattle range are still within the public domain, it would be competent for Congress to apply some restrictive legislation to this glaring evil.

In view of the above facts, there is a strong opinion entertained by many old-timers, especially in Arizona and New Mexico, that storage dams should not be built across the beds of rivers, but that the water should be deflected during floods into artificial or natural side reservoirs, into which silt only, not heavy, solid matter, would be carried. The first large storage reservoir built in Arizona, at Walnut Grove across the Hassyampa, was carried away before even its basin could be filled by débris; but, as it was badly planned and badly built, its destruction offers no valid argument against the construction of others properly designed. Nevertheless, the ease with which it was battered down and swept away by the very first flood it had to resist, should serve as a warning.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, November 14, 1904.

The last battle has been fought out, the victorious candidates "proclaimed," the defeated survivors are carrying their dead and wounded from the battlefield, and no doubt remains as to the complete victory, so far as numbers go, of the Giolitti Ministry. By what means and with what allies the end has been attained are questions of more than ordinary importance, because, while the adage that possession is nine points of the law has been verified once again—the Government "in possession" winning, as has been the case in Italy ever since the days of Cavour—other elements have entered into the struggle which hitherto have been ostensibly absent. One of these is the participation of the real proletary *in propria persona*, without recognized leaders, or in despite of their mandates; the other, the open, acknowledged, numerous affluence of clerical citizens and parties at the urns.

When, after the defeat, at Sedan, of the Imperial restorer of Pio Nono to his temporal sovereignty over the Romans, the Italian monarchy entered Rome through the "sacrilegious breach" of Porta Pia in 1870, the majority of conservatives accepted the accomplished fact with sincere grief, while recognizing its necessity in the name of Italian unity, and also because the unanimous will of the nation compelled the monarchy to take possession of the national capital as an alternative to the restoration of the Roman Republic. Once in possession, the conservatives, who remained in power for the next six years, did their utmost to

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bring about a reconciliation between the Church and State, offering by the Law of Guarantees such rights and privileges as would have placed public instruction, not only in the elementary and secondary schools, but also in the universities, entirely in the power of the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and parish priests. Monasteries and convents could have been restored to their former supremacy, while the liberal laws on the press and public meetings would have been repealed or modified. Fortunately, Pio Nono, convinced that the Catholic world would restore the temporal power, rejected the "Tempter," answering "Non possumus"; declared war to the knife against the impious usurpers; forbade the faithful to recognize the government of Belial; ordered them to refuse allegiance to the chosen of the nation, to the King of the plébiscites. He thus lost the allegiance of all those Italians who were patriots and citizens first, then faithful believers in the doctrines of Holy Mother Church.

Two successive generations grew up in the belief that the one arch-enemy of their country was the self-constituted prisoner of the Vatican. Scientific studies and researches occupied the minds of the studious youth; the erection of the monument to Giordano Bruno facing the Vatican symbolized the challenge of modern Italy to the opponents of free thought and of free discussion. Still, a considerable portion of the populace adhered to the old order of things, and strictly obeyed the "non expedit," which prohibited them from becoming electors or elected in the political field. To take the oath to the King, to acknowledge the "inseparable welfare of monarchy and country," was tantamount to the renunciation for ever of temporal restoration—would, in the opinion of the hierarchy, alienate the hearts of foreign Catholics, and assuredly close the purses of foreign contributors to Peter's Peace and cut off other succor to the dethroned and "persecuted" pontiff.

Leo XIII. saw the falsity of his position, but could not remedy it; moreover, he was too intent on securing the alliance and protection of France to care much about the friendship of Italy, which, owing to her financial conditions and to her military disasters in Africa, seemed to him a negligible quantity; believing, too, that at any time he could, if he chose, come to terms with the coercionist governments that flourished during the last years of Humbert II. Gradually, however, many once ardent pro-temporalists grew weary of finding themselves excluded from the political life of Italy, and prevented from proposing or supporting laws in favor of religion and morality which they wished to enjoin on their children; and these gradually began to frequent the electoral committees and to deposit their votes in the urns in favor of candidates who would oppose the Divorce bill, support state legislation for religious instruction in the elementary and possibly in the normal schools, who would offer no opposition to the admission into Italy of the Congregations expelled from France. But their tardy offers of alliance were met with small enthusiasm. The old moderate party, "transformed" by Depretis and "disintegrated" by Crispi, still believed themselves capable of retaining in their own hands the reins of government, by their foreign policy tending to exalt the position of Italy in Europe, by restoring her finances, and by some attempts to lessen the fiscal exorbitance which weighs so heavily on the poorest classes. Moreover, they deemed the clerical party so hostile to the fundamental institutions of the new kingdom, especially during the pontificate of Leo XIII., that they deprecated the entrance of his supporters into the national Parliament. But the coercionist governments of the last years of the nineteenth century, the enormous increase of the Socialist and Radical parties, the advent of the young King and his open acceptance of Zanardelli and his followers, compelled them to face the fact that their reign was over; while the advanced programme of the Government, including the Divorce bill and the Claims of Illegitimate Children, etc., filled them with dismay. With the advent of Pope Pius X., the grand elector (at Venice) of clerical-moderate members of the Municipal Councils, well-known for his disapproval of the abstention of Catholics from the political elections, they commenced a propaganda for alliance with the Catholics, with the clerical party. The general strike and the abstinence of the Government during the entire period filled all the propertied classes with dismay; a general alliance of all parties against the subversives was decided on, and the clericals saw their opportunity of obtaining favorable terms of alliance. Throughout Italy the Catholic newspapers supported this view.

Pius X., though not prepared to abolish the "non expedit," had, it was affirmed, expressed his desire that the Catholics should exert themselves to rescue the masses, now organized by the Socialists "to make war on religion, on property, on the sanctity of the family," etc. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, offered no protest when five noted leaders of the Catholic party came forward as candidates for election. Only the *Unità Cattolica*, the old standard-bearer of absolute intransigence, which, from the 20th of September, 1870, went into mourning for the loss of the temporal power, protested so long as the *non expedit* was not formally revoked by the Pope. Everywhere, and especially in the citadel of radicalism and Socialism, in Milan, arch-clericals presented themselves as candidates and were accepted with open arms by the moderate conservative party. In Florence, where there was no clerical candidate who had a chance of success, the moderates offered and the Catholics accepted an offensive and defensive alliance in order to oust the three Socialist candidates, who stood a fair chance of victory if opposed only by the conservatives; and both in Milan and in Florence the clerical-moderates have won a signal victory. In Milan the proletary contributed to the victory by rejecting the three Socialistic candidates who had, we may say, initiated and prolonged the general strike, viz., Labriola, Mocchi, and Lazzari; while Angelo Cabrini, though the candidate of both the evolutionary and revolutionary Socialists of Milan, a man much beloved for his long, strenuous, and practical exertions for the proletary, precisely because he had sanctioned the strike was rejected at the first ballot, and succeeded at the second only by the aid of the votes of Republicans and Radicals and the so-called Democratic party. Turati, candidate of the reforming Socialists and also of the Radicals, excluded from the Socialist party by the ukase of the revolutionists, came off triumphantly at the first ballot; but the *Avanti*, Ferri's Roman newspaper, persisted in omitting his name from the list of Socialistic triumphs. Much surprise was felt that Majno, candidate of the reforming Socialists and of the Radicals, did not even reach the second ballot; but the predominant note is the total defeat in Milan of the revolutionary strike-promoting Socialists. The proletary would none of them.

In Florence, at the first ballot, a quondam fierce radical, transformed into a fervent conservative on the eve of the elections, was elected in the second college, but in all the other three the conservatives and Socialists divided the votes pretty equally. Then the former joined hands openly with the clericals, under the guidance of the Archbishop of Florence, and carried the day in all three colleges, boasting that they had "purged Florence of the Socialistic pest." In Rome the fight was fierce and prolonged. In the third college no opposition was offered to Professor Baccelli, a physician of note, a one-time Vaticanist, who came over frankly to the national party in 1870, has been several times Minister of Public Instruction, and is a considerable personage among the freemasons. In the fourth college, out of 4,500 registered electors, only 2,160 went to the urns; 1,095 voted for Torlonia, about 900 for Socialists and Republicans. Torlonia, when Mayor of Rome, was deprived by Crispi of office for his visit to Pope Leo XIII., and is a noted "Black." In the fifth college, Barzilai (Republican) was elected. The great fight came off in the second college, where Ferri entered the lists in vain against the clerical Santini, who took occasion of the Pope's denunciation of Loubet's visit to the "King who detains the provinces of the Holy See," to demand and obtain an audience of his Holiness.

Of the elections in the southern provinces, and especially in Naples, it is impossible to speak intelligently, so excessive has been the oppressive interference of the Government, so violent the demonstrations of the Opposition; some of the presidents of the electoral committees withdrawing before the successful candidates had been "proclaimed," sometimes carrying off the ballot-boxes; while on one or two occasions the defeated party smashed them. Two cases are worthy of note. The ex-Minister of Public Instruction, accused and on trial convicted (by default) of illegal acts committed during his term of office, and of actual peculation, has been elected by an immense majority of his fellow-citizens, electors of Trapani. On the other hand, Pallizzolo, the notorious head of the Mafia, believed to be the instigator of the murder of Notarbartoli in 1892, three times tried, twice condemned, and finally acquitted by a Florentine jury last July, was rejected by his former electors in the second college of Palermo, to the great satisfaction of the entire city. In Turin and Venice the clericals and conservatives carried the day, as in Bologna partially.

The Socialists lose but one college, having now 31; but if we regard their voting strength, we must compare the figures for 1895 (76,359) with those for 1897 (134,502), for 1900 (164,976—in union with the "popular parties"), and 1904 (319,909—alone, Socialists pure and simple). There is not much comfort here for the united enemies of the

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"subversives." The Radical, and especially the Republican, parties find their numbers slightly diminished; but, when all is admitted, and without counting on the double elections or on the twenty seats in which no candidate has been proclaimed and whose fate will be decided by the Board of Examiners—chosen by the President from all the factions of the Chamber—whereas the Extreme Left consisted of 107 members, they still present 96 uncontested members. The Constitutional Opposition, which looks chiefly to Sonnino as its chief, has lost three valuable members, but has also gained some seats. And now comes the crucial question: Of the nearly 300 members newly elected as conservatives, how many are ministerialists? That inquiry is giving Giolitti no small worry and uncertainty. They are absolutely united against the "subversives," but have given no sign that they approve the policy of the present Cabinet, or, rather, of its chief. Many are waiting to see to which side of the house he will incline. When Parliament opens on the 1st of December it is believed that the ministerial policy will be fully revealed. In December the municipal elections take place, and the new open alliance of the Blacks with the conservatives will bear its fruit even more fully than in the national elections. J. W. M.

Correspondence.

A NEGLECTED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the New York *Times* Saturday Book Review of September 3, Mr. H. Bradley Jackson published a letter in which he asserted that the author of the once famous American novel, 'Alonzo and Melissa,' was his grandfather, Daniel Jackson, jr. A careful study of this interesting book has led to a different conclusion, which I present here, hoping to obtain further information on the subject.

In the Albany *Balance and State Journal* for January 8, 1811, there appeared the following "Literary Notice":

"American Tale.—A work in two volumes, entitled The Asylum, or Alonzo and Melissa, an American Tale, founded on fact—written by Mr. Mitchell (former editor of the *Republican Crisis*, published in this city), is soon to appear. The following lines of Dr. Dwight are prefixed as a motto. [Here follow eight lines from Dwight's 'Conquest of Canaan,' Book five.] From the known talents of the author, and the pains which we understand he has bestowed on this work, we have reason to expect a well-finished and interesting tale."

The first edition, in two volumes, with the title as given above, was published in Poughkeepsie under date of 1811. The copyright notice, printed with the book, is dated December 2, 1810, and gives as the author's name I. Mitchell. In the New York *Columbian* for October 9, 1811, the book is advertised as "An American Tale, Founded on Fact, by I. Mitchell," and in the same paper for Wednesday, October 16, the work is described as "A new, interesting, and American novel" by "I. Mitchell of Poughkeepsie, late editor of the *Farmer's Journal*, the *Political Barometer*, and the Albany *Crisis*."

Of Mr. Mitchell little is known. Mr. Jennings of the State Library at Albany informs me that there is no reference to Isaac Mitchell in Munsell's 'Annals of Albany,' nor in Weise's 'History of the City of Albany,' but in Howell and Tenney's 'History of Albany and Schenectady Counties' there is the following item, page 375, in a list of the Albany press: "1806. November 11. The *Centinel* revived in the *Republican Crisis*. Backus and Whiting, then Isaac Mitchell, publishers. 1808, Harry Croswell & Co.; William Tucker, printer. In 1809, name changed to the *Balance and New York State Journal*. Removed to Hudson in 1811." There is no Albany directory previous to 1813, and Mitchell's name does not appear in the directories from 1813 to 1820. Apparently a successful editor, he seems to have lost his position through political changes, for he says in the preface to the first edition of his novel: "You know that by the fate of battle (a political conflict) I have lost a station which, if not lucrative, yet admitted free employment of the pen." Evidently he retired to Poughkeepsie, where his book was published, for the New York *Spectator* of February 8, 1811, contains a notice of the marriage of "Miss Aurelia Mitchell, daughter of Isaac Mitchell, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, late editor of the *Republican Crisis* in that city." From the citation given above, there seems to be an error in this announcement, for the short-lived *Crisis* was an Albany, and not a Poughkeepsie paper. The city library of Poughkeepsie has no local history that mentions Isaac Mitchell, and in the genealogies of the Mitchell family to which I have had access, his name is not found. We can at least assert that he was a trained writer, and by no means a young man when his book was published.

'The Asylum' appeared at an unfavorable time for critical appreciation. In October, 1811, the papers were filled with accounts of Bonaparte's campaigns, or were justly aroused over the country's approaching war with England. Apparently they did not review the book. It had its faults; among others, it was too long. Of the two volumes, the first contained an Introduction, a most entertaining "Preface Comprising a Short Dissertation on Novel," and a lengthy episode that has practically nothing to do with the main plot. A neighbor of Melissa, the heroine of the novel, gives to her a manuscript account of her life. It was an exciting story of her escape from the clutches of an Austrian nobleman, an elopement, duels, assassinations, headlong flights through Austria, Germany, France, and England, until the peaceful streets of Boston were reached. Even in those days Boston was considered a city of refuge. We suspect that the 'Asylum' was not favorably received, for when we next hear of the book it has undergone a radical condensation. The Introduction and the Preface have been omitted; the long episode has been discarded, thus reducing the book to a single volume; the title has been changed to 'Alonzo and Melissa, or the Unfeeling Father,' and Mr. Mitchell no longer appears on the title-page as the author, but instead is the name Daniel Jackson, jr. I have not been able to discover whether Mr. Mitchell had any part in this revision of his work.

The success of this new edition was phenomenal. With but little trouble I have found editions of 1824, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1836, 1839, 1842, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1853, 1864, 1879. Doubtless this list could be doubled, and if one may refer to this period the numerous undated editions, it would appear that for nearly a quarter of a century a new edition of 'Alonzo and Melissa' appeared practically every year. It was reprinted in every section of the country—the North, the South, the Middle West. It is not too much to assert that it was one of the most popular novels ever published in America. It was not a book for the unfeeling multitude—it was read by the first families of the land; yet it is now so completely forgotten that historians of American literature never give it even a passing reference. It well deserves to be reprinted, not only for its unconscious humor, but also because it shows most strikingly the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe and the Gothic Romance on our early American writers.

EDWARD B. REED.

YALE UNIVERSITY, December 1, 1904.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of Stubbs's 'Cambridge and its Story,' noticed in our last issue, and inadvertently ascribed to another firm.

Macmillan Co. closes its more important fall issues directly with 'The Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones,' by his widow, in two volumes with forty photogravures; Mr. Bryce's revised 'Holy Roman Empire'; 'Studies in Montaigne,' by Miss Grace Norton, in two volumes; and 'Modern Charity Systems,' by Prof. Charles R. Henderson.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish 'Trials and Triumphs: The Record of the 55th Ohio Volunteer Infantry' in the civil war, by Capt. Hartwell Osborn and others.

The Philadelphia firm, the John C. Winston Company, has taken over the entire publishing business of Henry T. Coates & Co., Mr. Coates becoming a stockholder in the amalgamated concern.

The eight volumes of Mr. R. G. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) is compounded of reprints of Tilly Butterick, jr.'s, rare 'Voyages, Travels and Discoveries' (Boston, 1837), and 'Estwick Evans's 'A Pedestrious Tour' (Concord, N. H., 1819). Butterick's comparatively brief narrative opens in Robinson Crusoe style, and a voyage round the world precedes his account of journeys in the United States; his observations thus embracing Madagascar as well as the Choctaws and Chickasaws of the Gulf States. Evans, on the other hand, takes us among the New York Indians, the Tonawandas and Tuscaroras. His observations are lumbered with much moral disquisition, but he was a humane man, and his shame at slavery is to his honor. He frequently recurs to the subject, and advances a scheme of emancipation through the Government's buying in the slaves, who must eventually ransom themselves. His reasoning about slavery and race prejudice is worth reading still.

About two years ago we called attention to the merits of Cornelius von Fabriczy's little treatise on Italian medals. It is now to be had in an adequate English translation and in much handsomer form. The plates are still half-tone, frequently from the old blocks, but all the Pisano medals have been rephotographed without reduc-

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tion of scale—a considerable advantage. The grouping of several medals on one plate is also convenient, affording the juxtaposition one would find in a well-arranged collection. Enough is said to show that this sterling work in the improved form given it by Messrs. Duckworth (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) may be cordially recommended to all lovers and students of the medallist's art.

'London in the Time of the Tudors,' by the late Sir Walter Besant (Macmillan), makes a handsome holiday volume with its large print and its copious illustrations. Since the time of Dickens, no English man of letters has had a deeper affection for the great city in all its phases than Besant, and if he was led to explore its antiquities the motive can easily be found. There is little attempt in this book to write brilliantly, for the author knew his limitations and refrained from all rivalry with the famous passage on London in Macaulay's third chapter. Besant aims at supplying lively and accurate information, partly through a narrative of events, and partly through short essays on social usage, trade, costume, the poor, theatres, crime, and a large number of other similar subjects. One to whom the *genius loci* meant less, might have yielded to the temptation to interweave national politics with local history and manners, for in many ways the annals of London are those of the realm. This danger, which is a very real one, was avoided by Besant, to the great advantage of this and other writings. The present work contains such a large and varied body of evidence regarding popular life in the Tudor period that it should not be omitted from any library which contains Traill and the illustrated edition of Green.

Two new volumes of "Newnes's Art Library" come to us from the New York publishers, Frederick Warne & Co. They are devoted to 'Raphael' and to 'Constable's Sketches' respectively, and are similar to former volumes in general scope. The half-tone reproductions dispense with the tint, but are much better in quality than those of the 'Velasquez' and 'Reynolds'. In addition to them there is a photogravure of Raphael's "Spozalizio" in the one, and two bad color prints in the other. There is the usual minimum of text, good enough as far as it goes in the case of the 'Constable,' but almost incredibly silly and inaccurate in the 'Raphael.' The inaccuracy runs, also, into the titles of the plates, which contain one or two blunders and several infelicities.

'The Life and Art of Sandro Botticelli,' by Julia Cartwright (London: Duckworth; New York: Dutton), should make a most acceptable gift-book for that growing class of people who take a more or less serious interest in art. Without pretension to originality of view or personal connoisseurship, Mrs. Ady shows a thorough acquaintance with the literature of her subject and sound judgment in following this or that authority, nearly always choosing the more probable among contesting theories, while her knowledge of the general current of the Italian Renaissance stands her in good stead and keeps her hero always in his proper atmosphere. Nothing better in the way of a popular book on Botticelli could be desired; it is well and appreciatively written, gives a fair and adequate view of the present state of knowledge of the painter's life and works, and as much criticism as is suited to the average digestion. It is illustrated with two photogravures (one of them after Mrs. Gardner's "Chigi Madonna"), and a number of half-tone plates, full-page and in the text. Unfortunately, the full-page plates often duplicate the subjects of the smaller cuts, so that there is some waste of effort in the latter, while interesting works, though not first-rate ones, remain unillustrated. The presence of the text illustrations has necessitated the use, throughout, of glassy, coated paper.

'A Transplanted Nursery,' by Martha Kean (The Century Co.), is the pleasantly written account of a summer spent in Brittany by a family consisting of a mother and three phenomenally good small boys, and is intended to show that a nursery may be transplanted to foreign shores with as much safety and at as little cost as if it were merely moved from town to country. The account is given in "letters home," which sound very genuine—the sort of letters one is delighted to receive, full of personal news and with occasional guide-book touches, but not such as one would have thought worth printing in an age before that in which every one has become an author. The book is illustrated with the writer's "kodaks," in which the small boys frequently form an attractive foreground incident, and certainly succeeds in maintaining an agreeable atmosphere of foreignness. We suspect, however, a superfluous *a* in the name of "Serapolette"—a donkey, as amiable as its temporary owners, who appears frequently in picture and text.

'New Forces in Old China,' by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Judson Brown (Fleming H. Revell Co.), is an admirable report concerning the "unwelcome but inevitable awakening" which is to come to the people of the Middle Kingdom. This is probably about as good a book as could be written by one who, as a keen observer, moved through the country, and gathered up opinions and impressions from aliens dwelling long in the land. It is admirably illustrated, and the style is brisk and of the sort which a busy man enjoys. Dr. Brown discusses the commercial and economic forces, showing also the political movements, and the national protest against the abominable injustice of the so-called Christian Powers of the world. One chapter treats of the missionary force and the Chinese church with commendable frankness and fulness, leaving the impression on the reader's mind that the responsibility for the evils under which China suffers is to be shared to the extent of at least one-half by the peoples called Christian. An index and a map make this work, which contains much reprinted matter, especially useful for the student, nor is its value lowered when we find that Dr. Brown's opinion of the Chinese is very high, as of a race that is much more likely to subdue and replenish the earth in the way the great Master has pointed out, rather than by methods of aggression and bloodshed. He is sure that in qualities which are profound rather than showy, the Chinese far excel the Japanese. Our hearty praise of the book must be qualified because of the inevitable limitations which this author, one of the best-intentioned officers of any missionary board, ignorant of the language and to a large extent of China's real history, reveals on many a page. From inability to do more than scratch the surface of things Chinese, however clearly he may set forth surface phenomena, the author's explanation of the Boxer uprising is decidedly unsatisfactory. Nothing whatever is said about the fact that neither the President nor the Senate of the United States has ever yet manifested the slightest approval of the American commander of the naval forces who refused to join with the foreign admirals in making war on China, thus letting loose the regular military on the people in the Legations and other foreigners. Some few inevitable misprints, such as Nevins for Nevius, occur. One wonders why a dignified author, even though he accepts the 'Letters of a Chinese Official' as genuine, can use the vulgarism "Japs" for Japanese.

Between the Occidentals, who can scarcely admit that there is such a thing as a degenerate race having a white skin, straight-set eyes, and luxuriant face hair, and the Japanese, whose conceit shudders at the idea of descent from the "Ainos," these long-secluded islanders have difficulty in securing recognition at the hands of either science or just sentiment. Untrustworthy and sensation-loving travellers, both men and women, who have never seen a regiment of United States soldiers in swimming, have exaggerated the capillary and other peculiarities of these "poor whites" of Asia. Nevertheless these women, with mustachios tattooed round their mouths, and these men, so brawny and yet so gentle, have at last, in the missionary Batchelor, the linguist Prof. B. H. Chamberlain, and the Japanese ethnologists of Tokio, found earnest students of their origin, career, and conditions. Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, in an exceedingly modest little book of 118 pages, on 'The Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition' (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.), has told of his experiences in the island of Yezo, which he reached without challenge from a Russian cruiser, and which he traversed in order to get a party of Ainus to accompany him to St. Louis. Though giving only a simple narrative and description, Professor Starr's booklet has really more intrinsic value than some quite pretentious works that have shed darkness on a most interesting subject. In undogmatic style he suggests questions regarding these unique people, and handles quietly but rather severely certain statements and crude theories set forth by writers who were without knowledge of the language, or who made no stay in the islands sufficiently long to furnish perspective. Professor Starr finds in the Ainu "a white race that has struggled and lost." He expresses his high appreciation of the scholars who have scientifically investigated the Ainu myths, speech, customs, traditions, and the evidences of their occupation, in earlier centuries, of central and southern Japan. The illustrations from photographs, though poorly reproduced, are excellent for their purpose, and we have in this brochure a real addition to our knowledge of the earliest known race in the Japanese archipelago.

The 'Cummings Genealogy,' prepared and published at Montpelier, Vt., by Albert Oren Cummins, of the ninth generation

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from Isaac Cummings, is an intelligent and technically irreproachable family history. "Isaac Comins, Senior," whose will was probated June 14, 1677, was a settler in Ipswich, Mass. His descendants have taken great liberties with the spelling of his name, the majority following the New England tendency to change the ending -en or -in to -ing. The compiler has gone with this majority in his book, even to spelling his own name Cummings in its chronological place at page 557, but Cummins on the title-page as on his bank checks. His motive has been the simple truth so far as it could be ascertained, and he has not sought by embellishment to avoid a dry chronicle of facts. There is some good reading in extracts relating to collateral ancestors, and an occasional characterization is full-bodied. The stock appears to be simple New England, largely agricultural and mechanical in its occupations, with but few shining lights. College graduates are relatively rare. Loyalists and patriots divided in the Revolution; one solitary Cummings (of this line), having been born in the South, was subdued to it, and served in the Confederate ranks against his kinsmen. One turned Mormon, and his son had a "first wife" living twenty-one years after his death. Inventors have been numerous and clever. Joshua, of the sixth generation, removed from Leominster to Westminster, Mass., for the better education of his children, and was richly rewarded in them. There are a few portraits, all typical and suggestive; none more pleasing than that of the compiler.

The distinction of the 'Dexter Genealogy, 1642-1904,' begun by John Haven Dexter, carried on by Orrando Perry Dexter, and now arranged by Henry L. Miles (American News Co.), is that, by an ingenious system of "superior figures"—in printer's parlance—the authority for every statement is given where possible. No. 99, which stands for Family Bible, of course recurs constantly. The whole aspect of this genealogy is therefore most businesslike and self-commending. The family name is eminent in New England, and the more prominent descendants of Richard Baxter (1606-1680) receive relatively long biographies; that of Mr. O. P. Dexter being as interesting as it is tragic. Andrew Dexter (1779-1837), a native of Brookfield, Mass., founded the city of Montgomery, Ala. Samuel Dexter (1761-1867) sat in both houses of Congress, and was Secretary of War and of the Treasury. The one plate is a charming view of the old Dexter mansion in Malden, Mass., standing on property purchased from the Indians by Richard Dexter in 1663, and still occupied by his posterity. Only 400 copies of this work are issued.

The seventy-two laboratory exercises contained in Prof. J. C. Olsen's 'Text-book of Quantitative Chemical Analysis' (D. Van Nostrand Co.) appear to us to be judiciously chosen and admirably described, and altogether to be calculated to make a skilful analysist of the student. So much of the other matter as is naturally wanted along with the exercises, to furnish information about quantitative analysis that is indispensable to the young man entering upon it and acquiring his first skill, is also good. But whether, over and above that, it was worth while in a single volume to penetrate further into the vast mass of details, or to undertake more than to direct the student to the different books and papers, with hints as to the use of them, is a question not easy to answer to one's own satisfaction.

An interesting attempt to give permanent value to a second-hand-book catalogue has been made by the newly established firm of Rudolf Haupt in Halle, who prefaces a recent catalogue of books on bibliography and printing with a sketch by Professor K. Haebler, entitled "From the Beginnings of the Book Trade." It deals with early book advertisements, and traces their development from circulars about single books to lists of books printed by the same printer or for the same publisher, and finally to the appearance of catalogues of books issued by several publishers or printers, and collected in the shop of the same dealer. The early development of the book trade in Venice is described, and it is shown how the printing of books became in that city for the first time a branch of manufacture, and the selling of books a business pure and simple. Here were to be found, as early as before the year 1500, nearly all the features of the modern book trade.

The *Magazine of American History*, with Notes and Queries, is to be revived after a long eclipse. It will be published monthly at $5 per annum by William Abbatt, at No. 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. The first number will probably be issued in January.

Prof. G. Frederick Wright assumes the editorship of *Records of the Past* (Washington), which enters upon its fourth year in January.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for November Prof. F. H. Bigelow describes the new research meteorological observatory at Mount Weather, Bluemont, Virginia, about sixty-five miles northwest of Washington, and its work. It is proposed to establish a physical laboratory there "to accommodate experiments in meteorological physics, in the improvement of instruments, in atmospheric electricity, ionization, and radioactivity of the air and of soils, and other research investigations." Another paper deals with the methods of Government assistance in handling forest lands. A résumé of an essay on the "Foreign Commerce of Japan since the Restoration, 1869-1900," is by Yukimasa Hattori, a student at Johns Hopkins University. In referring to the probably large increase in importations of food products in the near future, he calls attention to the fact, almost without a parallel, that the Japanese farmer understands his work "so thoroughly that, by elaborate means of irrigation and the skilful use of fertilizers, he has been able to obtain rich harvests from the same land during fifteen or twenty centuries." There is also given the substance of Sir F. D. Lugard's address before the Royal Geographical Society on northern Nigeria, with numerous interesting illustrations.

The *Geographical Journal* for November opens with an illustrated description of the little known country between the Niger and Lake Tchad, by Col. Elliot of the Anglo-French Boundary Commission. Among the scientific results of this expedition was the discovery of fossils showing that the Mediterranean once extended to this region. Some of them are distinctly of an Indian character—a sea-urchin being of a kind hitherto described only in Sindh—which would indicate, according to Dr. Bather of the British Museum, a connection of India and the Sahara in early geologic ages. Col. Elliot referred to the lawlessness of the country when he passed through it in 1902, which was before the British occupation. Now, says Major Burdon, the officer in command of that district, "that lawlessness does not exist; and there is nothing more striking or encouraging in the result of British occupation than the way in which the people allow all their fortifications and walls to fall into decay at once. They say openly they no longer have any need of them." The remaining contents are an account of the survey of the fresh water lochs of the Ewe Basin, Scotland, and Dr. Sven Hedin's interesting and characteristic preface to his forthcoming "Scientific Results" of his last journey, to which we have already referred.

African railways are the subject of the article of most general interest in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. The accompanying map, showing the roads in operation and those under construction, as well as the lakes and rivers on which there is steam navigation, gives a vivid impression of the number and extent of these paths of commerce through the Dark Continent which have been opened during the past half century, for the first railway was constructed in Egypt in 1852. Other topics are instruction in topography as preparatory to the study of geography, and the cartography of Spain, with an account of the principal maps of the country, from that of Lopez published in 1765-98 to those very recent ones of the French Alpine Club, chiefly of the Pyrenees. In an interesting notice of the changes wrought by the industrial "*boom*" in northern Spain, mention is made of the fact that the change of Santander from being merely a port for colonial commerce into a mining and manufacturing community is due mainly to the Spaniards who left the West Indies in consequence of the war and settled there.

—In a very real sense, Andrew D. White's initial paper on Hugo Grotius, in the December *Atlantic*, might be called the most timely contribution of the number, though it is too much to expect that many readers of to-day will stop to recognize and reflect upon the lessons which the career of the great Dutch publicist has to offer to the present generation. The first important work of Grotius, the *Mare Liberum*, became the herald of a new and better epoch, we are told, because it laid its foundations in the doctrine of the inalienable rights of mankind—a doctrine not exactly popular just now, as it does not square with dominant tendencies in national development. This study of Grotius is one of the series of papers which Dr. White has prepared under the general title of the "Warfare of Humanity with Unreason." Samuel P. Orth contributes a paper on "Our State Legislatures," a large portion of which is devoted to a minute analysis of the make-up of four typical legislative bodies, leading to the conclusion that they are really fairly representative of the people by whom they are elected, however unsatisfactory their legislative product may be. This conclusion is true enough if one has in mind a representation merely of the average ability and honesty, but it is not true at all if

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the average desire of the voters as to the official action of the men chosen be taken into account. The only hope for our legislatures lies in the fact that nine voters in ten really want something very much better than they get from the men now selected to represent them. A paper on Emerson by Henry James, sr., now first published, is sure to attract attention. The way in which Mr. James found his imagination captivated by contact with Emerson, regardless of the question of intellectual assent to his teachings, is suggestive of some of Lowell's comments. A large portion of the paper is devoted to a comparison of Emerson with Carlyle, much to the credit of the former.

—Mark Twain opens the December *Harper's*, not with an example of the humor which was formerly almost synonymous with his name, but with a glowing appreciation of that feminine wonder of the ages, Joan of Arc, whom he does not hesitate to characterize as "easily and by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced." Perhaps this valuation would be more generally accepted if her alleged achievements were not so very extraordinary that, in spite of the oath-supported official records of her trial and rehabilitation, the average human faith finds itself unequal to the task of believing. But it is too pretty a story to submit to the scalpel of the historical critic. Howard Pyle furnishes four full-page illustrations in color. Under the heading of "London Films," Mr. Howells develops in his attractive way sundry impressions of a spring-time visit to the metropolis. For a leader of the realists, one finds him perilously near the edge of a kind of reversed idealism in describing a bedroom grate as "of the capacity of a quart pot and the heating capabilities of a glowworm." And still for English chilliness he finds some compensations. To Lowell's contention that it does not wet one to stay out in an English rain, he adds that the English cold will not chill you if you only stay outdoors in it. With the outdoor dress of the English women and girls he is quite enamoured, finding in it decidedly more of sentiment than is put into feminine apparel on our side of the water, though the dress of any given English woman "is no more expressive of *personal* sentiment than the chic of our women's dress is expressive of personal chic." In the "Easy Chair" he laments that the results of international copyright have so far failed to fulfil the hopes with which it was inaugurated. With pirated cheap editions no longer accessible, we do not purchase English printed books, nor will we reprint even their best works unless the chances are apparently good that they will sell as readily as our own trash. But "better our historical novels and a good national conscience than the best English fiction and the sense of having robbed the author."

—The one article of serious import in the Christmas *Scribner's* is an appreciation of Veronese, by Kenyon Cox. In an age that courts the specialist, the fame of Veronese suffers because of the very completeness of his development. His excellence in all the qualities that go to make up the artist is so great that there is no contrast by which to measure the greatness of his excellence in any one of these qualities. With this well-rounded completeness go sanity and simplicity, no work for the reader of riddles, no cunningly devised new ways of telling old stories. As a master of portraiture he fails, if at all, only in not suggesting that intensity of inner life which a few of the greatest painters now and then succeed in conveying to us; but his aim was the large and general view, not the intimate. In handing down to us the portraiture of his time, the types and costumes of his epoch, Mr. Cox considers him without a superior, if not without a rival. For sheer profusion and abundance Rubens alone was like him, but Rubens lacked his taste and his reticence. In conclusion, "if respect for the achievement in one or another direction of this or that mighty artist forbids us to call him the greatest of masters, we may yet, with assurance, proclaim him the completest master of the art of painting that ever lived." The Field of Art is given up to an illustrated description, by Russell Sturgis, of the great bronze doors which have recently been installed in the Boston Public Library, fronting Copley Square. The point especially noted in these doors is the almost absolute exclusion of the purely decorative element; the human figure, in each of the six valves, forming practically the whole design.

—Andrew D. White begins in the December *Century* a new series of diplomatic reminiscences, covering his experiences as Ambassador at Berlin, 1897-1902. Naturally, the first thing to be forced upon his attention was the failure of Congress to support the new dignity of the ambassadorship by providing the needful material appliances. It was only after a long search that a residence was found which was at all suitable for the functions demanded by court etiquette; and before his service was ended, even this was purchased from under his official feet by one of the smallest Powers in Europe as a residence for its minister. His position was rendered somewhat uncomfortable by the bitterness of feeling against the United States, growing out of the McKinley tariff and the Spanish war. As to the latter, he reiterates, what all well-informed people know, that the judgment of the President was strongly against the war, and that he was finally brought to support it only by the accumulation of forces which he could not control. He expresses his belief that the disaster to the *Maine* was from the outside, but was the work of wild local fanatics, not participated in by any Spanish officer or true Spaniard. Some especially interesting paragraphs at the close deal with Mommsen's attitude towards the United States during these years. The aged Latinist and philosopher showed some signs of relenting at the end, but perhaps his attentive listening to Dr. White's *apologia pro sua patria*, at the farewell dinner, and his hearty handshake when it was over, were more in the nature of a personal tribute to a valued friend than an indication that he had altered his opinion as to our apostasy from our earlier and better traditions. A paper on the method of purifying drinking water by the use of copper sulphate, recently developed by Dr. George T. Moore of the Bureau of Plant Industry, seems to demonstrate that a new health agent of the highest importance has been discovered, economical, easily applied, and needing only intelligent handling to become an effective prophylactic against a large class of diseases.

—A fifth edition of the late William Edward Hall's well-known 'Treatise on International Law' has been brought out at the Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde). The editor is J. B. Atlay, who at the time of the author's death in 1894 completed the preparation of the fourth edition. The last edition, completely revised by the author himself, was the third, which appeared in 1889, so that a thoroughgoing revision might have been made. The editor, however, says in his preface that he has confined himself, in the introduction of new matter, to "what seemed absolutely necessary in order to bring the book up to date." He mentions "events in Japan and China," the Venezuela boundary dispute, the Hague conference and its results, and incidents in the Spanish-American and Boer wars, as among the topics which demanded notice, and adds that all additions going beyond mere verbal alteration have been bracketed. On consulting the index under these heads we do not find a dozen pages of additions, while, owing to typographical changes, the actual bulk of the book has been reduced by some thirty pages. The additions, so far as they go, are valuable, but the work of revising Hall's masterly treatise and bringing it down to date is still open; especially since the great war (which, as he prophetically said fifteen years ago, would be the test of the sanctions established by the modern law of nations) has already produced a new crop of pressing questions. Of the book itself it is unnecessary to do more than to say that, even with slight reediting, it bids fair to hold its own for a long time—until some new master, a fit successor of Grotius, Vattel, Kent, and Wheaton, and Hall himself, shall once more appear. The subject becomes with each generation increasingly complex and difficult, the accumulation of material to be dealt with more and more vast, and the time requisite for its original study greater and greater.

—Mr. Marcus P. Dorman's 'History of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century' (Lippincott) advances with the second volume to the campaigns of Wellington and the policy of Castlereagh. The author is extremely fond of general statement, as may be seen from the opening words of his preface: "The fate of the modern world was determined during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Indeed, the issues of that period were the most important which have ever occurred in the history of mankind. Kingdoms were broken up and rebuilt; monarchs were raised from the people, crowned and dethroned, and new systems of government were invented, tried, and discarded. The Pope was hurled with violence from his chair and restored by force of arms. Treaties and laws were made and broken every few months. . . . Everywhere force reigned triumphant." This passage is designed to prepare us for an account of the duel between Napoleon and Wellington, which forms the main topic of the book. After Mr. Dorman has got past the Battle of Waterloo, he gives a synopsis of English political history that covers Castlereagh's relations with the Holy Alliance, the Manchester Massacre, and the Royal Divorce bill. There is also a chapter, not too deep, on the intellectual life of the

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period, besides one on industrial progress. What we fail to understand is the amount of neglect which, in a work with such a title, the Colonies and India receive. In connection with the war of 1812 Canada gets rather less than three pages. This is the only notice given to it, and apparently Mr. Dorman does not know the difference between the Quebec Act of 1774 and the Constitutional Act of 1791, since he says: "The Quebec Act of 1791 arranged for an Assembly to be elected by the people on a limited franchise." Now it is a notorious fact that the Quebec Act did not provide for any popular assembly at all. India and Ceylon fare somewhat better in respect to the space allotted, as they get twenty-four pages out of three hundred and fifty-eight. We make the foregoing statement to show that in this volume at least Mr. Dorman says comparatively little about the British Dominions over sea.

EVERETT'S ITALIAN POETS SINCE DANTE.

The Italian Poets Since Dante. Accompanied by Verse Translations. By William Everett. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

To read Dr. Everett's entertaining Lowell lectures is to go back at least two generations in the method of literary criticism, to the days when Lockhart and Gifford and Jeffrey and Macaulay thundered their opinions in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*. "I like this—therefore it is good!" "I detest that—therefore it is bad!" were the keynotes of that earlier, cocksure school of critics. We have substituted for them the so-called scientific critics, men who study an author as naturalists study a clam, and who hesitate to praise or blame lest they should seem unjudicial. But, after all, great books are the utterance of men, addressed to men, and they will attract or repel strong natures just as living persons do. Neutrality towards them may be the ideal of the scientific student of literature, but it is not always the proper attitude. The judge on the bench is pledged to fairness, but that pledge does not prevent him from having passionate friendships and pet aversions; from being, off the bench, a doting father and stanch hater. So Dr. Everett feels vehemently, judges absolutely, and gives his verdict without hesitancy. The result is refreshing, if for no other reason than because it is out of fashion.

True to his earlier models, he does not attempt to treat literature as an evolution. The *Zeitgeist* troubles him not. He ignores the "moment" and the "milieu," except in so far as he needs to know the general environment of his poets in order to narrate the principal events in their lives. He does not account for the sunshine in Ariosto's poetry by the cucumbers Ariosto may have eaten, nor trace with the specious assurance of some recent critics the literary relationships of all his writers. And here again the result is refreshing, for it breathes the charm of novelty.

We would not imply, of course, that the old method, the method of Jeffrey and of Dr. Everett, is better than the method of Sainte-Beuve, or of the later critics who may be regarded, *sed longo intervallo*, as his successors; but, for a change, it is stimulating, and in the hands of so alert and independent and witty a champion as Dr. Everett we see its merits at their best. And his opinions, be it noted, differ from those of the average impressionist critic—who is the modern version of the earlier cocksure variety—in that Dr. Everett speaks from a life-long acquaintance with classical literature and with the masterpieces of the modern world, whereas the impressionist is usually familiar with only a small section of the recent belles-lettres of a single country.

Dr. Everett's plan includes a biographical sketch of each poet, a description of his chief works, some comment on them, and liberal specimens, in English translation, of representative poems. The sketches are almost invariably excellent. Rapid, pithy, and clear, they give the characteristic features, and something more than the popular estimate of each man; but in the case of a complex nature, like Torquato Tasso's, for example, we feel that clearness has been achieved at the expense of the fact. The complexity, the neurotic basis, of Tasso's temperament should be explained more fully, and the reasonableness of the attitude of Duke Alfonso should be more insisted on. The old legend that the Estensi were at first callous and then cruel to the unfortunate poet, has been pretty much dispelled, as has the scorn of Leonora for him; but the legend, fortified by Goethe's splendid drama, dies hard, and it is all the more necessary, therefore, that critics and literary historians should bear testimony to the truth. We may say the same of Dr. Everett's treatment of Leopardi, who also was a complex character requiring a much subtler analysis than Dr. Everett has given him. But in the main he does outline fairly the individuality of each poet, and when he comes to one after his own heart, like Alfieri, he writes with infectious enthusiasm.

Although he avowedly turns his back on the *Zeitgeist*, he yet furnishes some striking surveys of more than one epoch. In the course of a few pages he summons before us Petrarch's environment at the sunrise of the Renaissance, and Ariosto's at its zenith, or he reveals the degeneracy, social and political, amid which Filicaja flourished. But the special strength of the book lies, of course, in its literary criticism, which is compounded of two elements—thorough familiarity with the great classical tradition, and Dr. Everett's personal idiosyncrasy. His classical training usually prevails, but at times it cannot restrain him from breaking out in the expression of personal prejudices, we had almost said of "whims," after the manner of the wildest romanticist. Fashion does not bind him, nor convention check. He praises Byron, and dismisses Wordsworth with less than damning praise; he laughs at Browning cults; he abominates Whitman; he ridicules by implication the "action" in recent tragedies—"what the jargon of the modern theatre calls 'business'"; he disparages the poetry of transient emotions. Over and over again he inveighs against that tendency, now more than a century old, which magnifies nature at the price of neglecting or belittling man.

"In the present day," he says, "when all that is asked of a poet is *to oblige nature to talk*, and to turn everything into something else, this air of active life, of social exercise, of interest in men as men, may seem [in the Italian poets] commonplace, but in due time the wheel will come round, and people and critics will once more recognize that Homer set the true key for all poetry. Watch Nature in all her moods as you will—she is only the great palace in which the Father has set His children to dwell; and the real shadow and sunshine is in the words and hearts of men."

That criticism, whether we call it Classical or Romanticist, scientific or cocksure, is fundamentally sound. And since we have quoted Dr. Everett in a mood of negation, we cannot refrain from quoting him in a mood of enthusiasm. Has any recent American critic surpassed the eloquence of the following passage?

"It was best that the pastoral drama should be done once for all so well that no one should dare do it again—and it was done. It was handled by one who had a tenderer sense of melody than Fletcher, and a richer imagination than Ariosto; whose ornaments sink Guarini's to the stage jewels that they are, and might make Petrarch wish his gems had a finer setting; one who in delicacy was equal to Tasso, and in austere grandeur to Dante; who could rise to philosophy loftier than Lucretius, and thrill the heart with harmony like Virgil; whose compliments Shakespeare might raise his head from golden slumber to hear, and whom Homer might claim for the long line of his offspring; who had climbed a holier mount than Parnassus, and drunk of a more sacred spring than Castaly; who had soared to heaven on the wheels of Ezekiel and felt his lips touched by the coal of Isaiah; and of whom the amazing glory is that his pastoral—his 'Comus'—is not the finest work of John Milton."

Striking passages are too numerous to be mentioned here. The humorous descriptions of the incongruities and absurdities of the metrical romances whose heroes and heroines "are able to go without eating or drinking for an indefinite period of time," and of the pastoral dramas in which "everybody appears to have Mr. Jesse Collings's three acres and a cow multiplied many times over," are capital; but most important, to our thinking, is Dr. Everett's general interpretation of the Italian poets as the successors and real continuers of the classical tradition. However romantic or modern their theme, they were all, down to the eighteenth century, trained in the Latin learning, which Dr. Everett rightly regards as a great merit. To that classical inheritance he attributes the sense of form, the respect for symmetry, and the love of harmony, which distinguish the chief Italian poets. We are glad to see, also, that Dr. Everett lays stress on the "native strength of Italian," a trait too often overlooked.

Of the more than sixty pages of metrical translations much can be said in praise. Dr. Everett himself made most of them, and they excel in sonorous quality. Having a talent for declamation, he has naturally been drawn to those passages which declaim well. We regret that for "Il Cinque Maggio," the only specimen of Manzoni, he preferred A. H. Everett's somewhat archaic paraphrase to Mr. Howells's remarkable version. The selections are generally typical, except in the case of Leopardi, who is represented only by "Il Sabato del Villaggio," "Il Passero Solitario," and four stanzas from the "Batracomiomachia." Petrarch also seems slighted without some quotation from his great patriotic odes. But in this matter a reviewer must not be too exacting. Rather than magnify shortcomings, he will heartily commend Dr. Everett's lectures. No such entertaining literary criticism has been written in America for a long time past. Merely by contrast

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with the prevailing fashion, it should exert a healthy influence. Its culture, its wit, its personal confidences, not less than its freedom from critical shop talk and from conventions, give it a place by itself, far removed from the usual literary histories. And if it succeeds, as it should, in stimulating a taste for the Italian masterpieces, it will help forward a most desirable end. For it is hardly too much to say that we need just the qualities which those masterpieces abound in. Neither French literature nor German, precious though they both are, and indispensable for the common demands of scholarship, can supply us with the treasures peculiar to Italian literature.

Against a second edition, which we hope may be soon called for, we have noted a few slips: "Hippolito" (p. 62) and "Baptista" (p. 139) are neither Italian nor English forms, nor is "Marie de' Médicis' (p. 140) Italian or French; Recanati (p. 233) is not in the Bolognese district, but in the marches of Ancona. More is known of Bojardo, and he was more of a man, than we should infer from the slight reference to him on page 51. The statement (p. 244) that Carducci died last spring is happily incorrect.

BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co.

Wagner's Music-Dramas Analyzed. By Gustav Kobbé. G. Schirmer.

Modern Composers of Europe. By Arthur Elson. L. C. Page & Co.

Phases of Modern Music. By Lawrence Gilman. Harper & Bros.

Wagner Lyrics for Tenor; Wagner Lyrics for Soprano; Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies by Franz Liszt; Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert. 4 volumes. Oliver Ditson Co.

The Macmillan Co. are doing the musical world a great service by bringing out a new edition of Grove's admirable 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' carefully revised and brought up to date, under the editorship of Mr. Fuller Maitland. A quarter of a century has elapsed since the appearance of the first instalment of the original edition, and in that time many things calling for mention have happened. The editor's task has been made more difficult and important because of the disproportion in the amount of space allotted in the first volume of the original Grove as compared with the other volumes, due to the fact that at first only two were contemplated, whereas four resulted ultimately, not to speak of an appendix and an index. It cannot be said that the proper balance has yet been quite secured. Bach and Chopin exerted as great an influence on the musical world as Beethoven did, yet Bach has 14 columns, Chopin 11, and Beethoven 120! In the first edition Chopin had only 3 columns; the new article is by the same writer, and is admirable so far as it goes, although one wonders how so excellent a musician as Mr. Dannreuther could accept the preposterous notion that Chopin kept strict time with the left hand and confined his *tempo rubato* to the right hand. Berlioz's assertion that Chopin could not play in time if he tried would alone refute that alleged tradition. The article on Bach is still far from being adequate. As regards the length of the Beethoven article, the editor can plead that it was one of Grove's masterpieces, which it would have been a literary crime to shorten; he has, quite properly, actually enlarged it by inserting in brackets information that has been brought to light since Grove wrote this sketch, which ought, in truth, to be brought out in book form, as it remains to this day by far the best Life of Beethoven in the English language.

Mr. Maitland declares that within the last quarter-century many hundreds of names have reached an eminence which made their inclusion necessary, which is true; but why did he omit the name of one of the most prominent musicians in Germany to-day—that of Eugen D'Albert, one of the greatest living pianists, and the composer of eight operas and many other works? A strange oversight, surely. Apart from this, we have not noted anything to censure, and the new editor has evidently taken great pains to secure that accuracy in details which his predecessor was not always able to secure, from lack of erudition. The new edition also has what the first dispensed with, a number of excellent full-page portraits. Among the twenty in this first volume there is one of an American, G. W. Chadwick.

Mr. Kobbé's book on the later Wagner operas is a new edition of a treatise most useful to those who wish to study the anatomy and physiology, as well as the inner spirit, of the music-dramas. An excellent new feature is the alphabetical index to the leading motives in "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," the four Nibelung operas, and "Parsifal."

Mr. Arthur Elson's latest contribution to literature is a volume of less than three hundred pages, giving an account of the most recent musical progress in the various European nations, with historical notes and critical and biographic sketches of the contemporary musical leaders in each country. Germany, Bohemia, France, Italy, the Netherlands, England, Scandinavia, and Russia in turn receive the attention of the author, whose information is abundant, and whose critical attitude is usually sane, though one smiles on finding him, too, overawed by the spectre of musical Jumboism and declaring that Richard Strauss is to-day "reckoned as the world's leading composer." And does Mr. Elson really believe that "of all the Slav composers Rimsky-Korsakoff is the most notable, the most charming in his music"? Haven't Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein reached Boston yet? In the pages on Grieg, Mr. Elson remarks that that Norwegian composer "has shown an almost endless flow of wonderful melodic invention." So he has, and does not that put him miles above Richard Strauss, who has no melodic invention worth mentioning? The picture of Grieg in this volume does not flatter him, but some of the other portraits, of which there are over thirty, are very good.

Like Mr. Elson, Mr. Gilman follows the fashion among journalist-authors of the day in giving the place of honor in his book to Richard Strauss, concerning whom he makes statements which he will himself smile at ten years hence. On the other hand, he shows sufficient keenness to perceive the unsubstantialness of the Elgar propaganda. The chapter "An American Tone Poet" gives a loving estimate of the works of the American, Edward MacDowell, who has more genius than a dozen Elgars and Strausses and Mascagnis rolled together. Mr. Gilman also pays a tribute of affection to Grieg, and another to Cornelius as a song-writer. These chapters are well worth reading, as are those on Verdi and Wagner, on Women and Modern Music, on "Parsifal" and its significance, while in another section the author, in trying to explain how Mascagni succeeded in creating a real music-drama where Wagner failed because his music is too superlatively grand and beautiful, comes perilously near being unintentionally funny; but, for this, probably, Newman and Huneker, who dote on paradox that causes talk, must be held responsible. The volume is dedicated to Philip Hale.

The admirable "Musicians' Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Company, already includes fourteen numbers. Among the latest issues are collections of Wagner lyrics, Liszt rhapsodies, and Schubert songs, edited respectively by Carl Armbruster, August Spanuth, and Henry T. Finck. The Wagner lyrics for soprano include eight songs written with pianoforte parts, and selections from the operas, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal"; the volume for tenor—a voice specially favored by Wagner—includes twenty-eight excerpts from eleven operas and music dramas. In his preface Mr. Armbruster gives a sketch of Wagner's life, and dwells on the differences between that composer's operas and those of his predecessors. Mr. Spanuth's preface to the best ten of Liszt's rhapsodies is full of suggestive information; he understands what an astonishing amount of genius is embodied in these works, which have done for Hungarian music what Homer's epics did for the Greek myths:

> "Like the bard who moves his listeners first to tears through the recital of a sombre legend, and turns to a joyful story after having touched the heart, but binds both elements together with a latent string, so Liszt's rhapsodies are groups of fragments of heterogeneous modes, united through hundreds of secret relations. There is a symmetry of content and form in all of them which becomes more apparent as soon as a virtuoso ventures to distort it by omitting a section or interpolating a portion of one rhapsody into the other."

Numerous as are the editions of Schubert's songs, none is likely to do as much towards making the wonders of Schubert's genius apparent to amateurs as the one edited by Mr. Finck, for the reason that the others include many of Schubert's second-rate songs (especially those embraced in the three cycles), whereas this Ditson edition includes nothing but gems of the first water—the best fifty of 538 songs. As the editor remarks: "Had Schubert written only these fifty *Lieder*, he would still be the greatest of all song writers; and it may be said without hesitation that there is as much genius, and almost as much variety, in these 'Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert' as in the numbers of the volume of 'Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers' included in this series."

Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. The Macmillan Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. xv., 402.

Among memoirs simple and contributory (*mémoires pour servir*) Mrs. Pryor's recollections are incidentally of the latter class. The wife of a quondam editorial writer in

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Richmond and in Washington, a firebrand secessionist Representative, a Confederate military officer, a Federal prisoner, and for many years a judge in this city, Mrs. Pryor has written a vivid and picturesque account of what she saw, heard, and lived between 1852 and 1866, in different places and under conditions almost constantly changing, and, immediately after 1861, going from bad to worse. About one-fourth of the volume is descriptive of social and political life in Washington during a few years prior to the outbreak of the civil war. In those days Southerners ruled Washington society, not, as has often been assumed, because they were naturally superior socially, but because the capital had no charms for Northerners of leisure; it was a Southern and slave-service city, and yet it was so great an improvement upon any city farther South, except New Orleans, that it perfectly served the planters and politicians as a social metropolis in winter. Even in summer it was a more bearable residence than any plantation in the Cotton States. Considering a large number of servants the chief of luxuries, Southerners brought slaves with them and thoroughly enjoyed the rather plain living and entertainments of that time. They possessed strong social tastes and abilities, and soon felt thoroughly at home in circles that had enough foreign and political coloring to excite their imagination and give much pleasure, which was always described in superlatives. Mrs. Pryor offers us the rare opportunity to learn what impression the ante-bellum Vanity Fair of Washington made upon a girlish and talented wife from a small Virginia city. Her accounts of the absurd styles, the beauties, the social leaders and social customs are thoroughly entertaining.

Of course, it is a serious, but unintentional, misrepresentation to say that Buchanan was so excited about secession, and withal so weak-minded, that "if one chanced to stand silently near him in a quiet corner, he might be heard to mutter, 'Not in my time—not in my time'" (p. 101). It is one thing for him to have had the thought and even to have often expressed it; but that he muttered it six or eight months before South Carolina seceded and when he had a company on the White House veranda to listen to an open-air concert by the Marine Band, is too much to believe on the evidence. Much truer to life, we trust, is the picture of R. M. T. Hunter, Garnett, Porcher Miles, Lamar, Boyce, Barksdale, Keitt, and Pryor holding all-night conferences in Pryor's library and drinking whiskey toddies till the break of day. It was said of the Southerners, a decade earlier, that they talked treason as they took their daily meals. Now they organized secession as they drank hot whiskeys, and we do not wonder that "the dawn would find them again and again with but one conclusion—they would stand together." And they did—later.

We hope that neither fact nor fancy will ever destroy the choice anecdote about the Russian minister, Baron Stöckle. Like a well-trained diplomat, he knew that he should express no opinions about American politics. At one of his genial dinners a lady, who was certainly not lacking in social valor or inquisitiveness, undertook, in this wise, to make him commit himself: "Come now, Baron! Here we are, Republicans and Democrats! Show your colors! Where do you belong?" "Alas, dear lady, I am an orphan! I belong nowhere! I am an *Old-line Whig*" (p. 61). There are others almost as good. When old Dudley Mann—whom a lady subsequently pronounced more of a success as a gallant than as a diplomat—was cautioned by his too thoughtful partner at a levee to be careful not to step on the long trains, he answered: "My child, I haven't lifted my feet for twenty years!"

It is doubtful if any wholly civilized modern people ever more generally suffered the penalty of defeat than the Confederates did. There may have been more than a shadow of truth in Botts's declaration about a rich man's war and a poor man's fight; but in the end there was a pure democracy of total wreck. It is all but literally true to say that every one lost everything. Many persons lost everything before this high tragedy had passed out of the period of buoyant confidence. It was Mrs. Pryor's fortune to see nearly all phases of life during the four years. At first she was on a Virginia tobacco plantation. Later she was either near the army or was in a Richmond hospital. For the last eighteen months of the war she was in or near Petersburg, much of the time in siege and famine. During the final winter and early spring she was in a country house very close to Lee's headquarters. In many respects she thought and acted like a typical Southern woman, full of sentiment, feminine illogic, and thoroughly noble sympathies as well as heroic perseverance. Others had better opportunities to describe life in Richmond, but her recollections of social and military conditions in Petersburg and of the shifts that she made there to keep from starving, are ample for the purpose. Her story of how, when the wolf was not at the door, but at the fireplace, as she says, she chanced to come across a trunk of out-of-date and laid-aside finery worn in Washington and of the sum she made out of it—by her wits and industry—reads like a tale of magic. Yet there is no question about the main facts, although they may have been somewhat colored by time.

The superiority of contemporary evidence to any reminiscence is picturesquely illustrated by a series of letters which Mrs. Pryor received from a friend in Richmond, and which she now publishes. Because the writer is still living, her identity is concealed behind the name of Agnes. The letters contain several rare gems. Here is one that is matchless: Agnes usually took an early morning walk in the Capitol Square if she had had a very restless night. She was sitting on a bench there before breakfast on the morning of the day to be made famous by the pathetic Bread Riot. From a crowd of several hundred women and boys, "a pale, emaciated girl, not more than eighteen, with a sunbonnet on her head, and dressed in a clean calico gown," came and sat down beside her, remarking as she did so, "I could stand it no longer." She was evidently a dressmaker's apprentice; she had delicate features, large eyes, and had probably been pretty:

"As she raised her hand to remove her sunbonnet and use it for a fan, her loose calico sleeve slipped up, and revealed the mere skeleton of an arm. She perceived my expression as I looked at it, and hastily pulled down her sleeve with a short laugh. 'This is all that's left of me!' she said. 'It seems real funny, don't it?' . . . I was encouraged to ask. 'What is it? Is there some celebration?' 'There *is*,' said the girl, solemnly; 'we celebrate our right to live. We are starving. As soon as enough of us get together, we are going to the bakeries and each of us will take a loaf of bread. That is little enough for the Government to give us after it has taken all our men.'

"Just then a fat old black Mammy waddled up the walk to overtake a beautiful child who was running before her. 'Come dis a way, honey,' she called; 'don't go nigh dem people,' adding, in a lower tone, 'I's feared you'll ketch somethin' fum dem po'-white folks. "I *wonder* dey let's 'em into de Park.'

"The girl turned to me with a wan smile, and as she rose to join the long line that had now formed and was moving, she said simply, 'Good-by! I'm going to get something to eat!'"

The "Bread Riot" had begun.

We like the volume as a whole for what it makes one see and feel. It cannot be called a great book, but it is thoroughly entertaining and profitable reading. And the reader, after many a hearty laugh, and now and then a tear, and considerable instruction as to what Southern natures and ideas were like, will find himself richer in humor and in sympathy than he was before.

William Ward, A.R.A., and James Ward, R.A.: Their Lives and Works. By Julia Frankau. With thirty photogravures. Pp. xi., 333. Folio of 40 Prints 18x24½ in mezzotint and stipple. Macmillan Co. 1904.

This handsome large octavo volume and sumptuous folio of prints give an account of the lives and illustrate the works of two English artists of the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The artistic productions of these men interestingly reflect the æsthetic conditions of their time, and afford illustration of the character of the fine arts as then practised by men of no high order of genius or artistic culture, though of considerable technical skill, especially in mezzotint engraving, a process which was highly developed in the eighteenth century. The brothers James and William Ward were what are called self-made men, who from humble origin rose to considerable eminence in popular esteem, both becoming members of the Royal Academy, and James an Academician and Painter and Engraver to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. The story of these lives is sufficiently told in the 72 pages devoted to them, and the remainder of the volume consists of a descriptive catalogue of works engraved by them, a list of their original paintings exhibited at different times in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, and indices of their engravings after the works of various other English artists.

James practised painting more extensively than his brother, and in early life became very successful as a painter of animals and *genre* subjects, under the inspiration of George Moreland, his brother-in-law. He also found extensive patronage in portraiture of high-bred animals, in which he rivalled in commissions from the nobility and gentry the most fashionable portraitists of the human subject. But at the age of fifty he made a wide departure from the path that he had hitherto followed, and thereafter labored in a different direction for which he was not so well qualified. The British Institute, we are told (p. 40), had offered a prize of a thousand guineas for a painting treating alle-

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gorically the triumph of the Duke of Wellington. This fired James Ward's ambition to appear in the rôle of a great imaginative designer. In the notions which now possessed him we see the influence of that artificial academic teaching which prevailed at the time, and gave rise to the pedantic and bombastic art of Fuseli and Haydon. His own diffuse and vainglorious description of the work which he proposed to execute for this competition begins as follows: "The genius of Wellington, (1) on the *Car of War*, supported by Britannia, (2) and Attended by the Cardinal Virtues, Commanding away the Three Demons, Anarchy, (3) Rebellion, (4) and Discord, (5) with the horrors of War." He won the prize, but the work did not do him credit nor give him fame. His inordinate vanity was not abated by the lack of success with the public on this line of endeavor. He felt himself an injured man, and maintained this attitude to the end of his long life. The thirty photogravures of the book illustrate paintings by him that are said to have been never before engraved. The best of these are the least pretentious, as Plate V., "Calves"; Plate XI., "The Straw Yard," and Plate XXVI., "The Gravel Pit."

As an engraver, James Ward began his career early, entering the studio of Raphael Smith, the famous mezzotint engraver, at the age of twelve. But somewhat later he left this studio and became a pupil of his elder brother, William, who had before been taught by Smith. In the year 1799 the brothers formed a partnership as engravers, and engraved many works, in mezzotint and stipple, of the fashionable painters of their time—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner and others. The forty prints in the portfolio illustrate a selection from these. They appear not to be impressions from the original plates, save in one instance marked "Original Mezzotint," but hand-wrought copies by engravers whose names are not given. The stipples are printed in colors, and the whole series affords a good illustration of the English society life in the time of Jane Austen, as well as of the fashionable, and less important, art of the period.

The general make-up of the work is excellent: clear type and broad margins for the text, and for both text and plates special hand-made paper reproducing both the texture and the color of that which was used in the eighteenth century. The edition is limited to 350 copies, of which 50 copies are for America.

Oxford and its Story. By Cecil Headlam. With Illustrations by Herbert Railton. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Oxford University, like Cambridge, delighted to veil its origin in the mists of a fabulous antiquity. Greek philosophers, it was said, chose Oxford as a suitable place of habitation, and in the same breath the champions of the University claimed Alfred the Great as their founder. They were incited to defend their antiquity by the boast of a Cambridge orator who, when Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge, declared that Oxford had borrowed from Cambridge her most learned men, and that Paris and Cologne also were derived from the East Anglian University. As a matter of fact, however, Oxford is somewhat older than Cambridge, but, even so, the beginnings of her schools cannot be dated earlier than the second half of the twelfth century. Towards the end of the eleventh century Europe began to recover from the degradation of the Dark Ages. Guilds of study, managed like trade guilds, sprang up, and in them is to be sought the original idea of a university. The school of philosophy at Paris was the centre of the enthusiasm of the twelfth-century Renaissance, and to Paris went many Englishmen in quest of the higher education. Henry II. recalled all English scholars from France in 1165, when he quarrelled with the French King, and that exodus from Paris drew many scholars to Oxford, where Henry had his palace. Oxford was already a wealthy and important town, commanding the great commercial thoroughfare of the Thames. Within a few years her schools had become famous, and when in 1187 Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welshman, wished to advertise his book on Ireland, he tells us that he resolved to read it before "a vast audience at Oxford, where the clergy in England chiefly flourished and excelled in clerkly lore." A little later, in the reign of John, when Oxford had an academic population of three thousand, the University became engaged in its first serious quarrel with the town authorities. The scholars migrated, and would not return until the citizens performed public penance for their oppression of the students, and the Papal legate, Pandulf, decreed that, in future, university students should be independent of lay jurisdiction. Paris was the model of all the universities of that time, and in 1246 the Pope declared that nobody must teach at Oxford who had not "qualified according to the custom of the Parisians." This account of the foundation of the University, which Mr. Headlam accepts, is, of course, wholly opposed to that which makes its origin local and ecclesiastical.

Oxford was from the first constantly embroiled in the politics of the kingdom, more deeply involved in civil struggles than Cambridge, more under the eye of English kings and queens. Always on the royalist side, she was more than once chosen as the seat of government. There can have been little chance for the academic life in the seventeenth century when the city swarmed with soldiers and courtiers, and the King and Queen were lodged in the Colleges of Merton and Christchurch. It was not, in fact, till after the Restoration, which she greeted with enthusiasm, that the University ceased to suffer from the upheavals inevitable to her conspicuous part in the political life of the country. She saw

"The Captains and the Kings depart"

at last, and, except for certain Jacobite disturbances, the eighteenth-century Fellows were left in peace to enjoy their privileges and to exchange epigrams with Cambridge. During the reign of George I., Oxford, faithful as ever to a lost cause, made a demonstration on a royal birthday and was overawed by a troop of horse dispatched by the King. About the same time the Crown had presented Cambridge with a fine library. This inspired the first Oxford Professor of Poetry to write the famous epigram:

"The King, observing with judicious eyes
The wants of his two Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning."

To which Sir Thomas Browne retorted from Cambridge:

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument."

Mr. Headlam has interwoven the story of the foundation of the several colleges with the general account of the rôle of Oxford in politics. Merton and University are the oldest foundations; Wolsey founded the greatest of all, Cardinal's College, which after his fall was to be renamed Christchurch, and known to all Oxonians as "the House." Trinity and St. John's are memorials of the Catholic reaction of the sixteenth century; Jesus, founded in Elizabeth's reign, was the first Protestant College, was endowed by a Welshman, and was always regarded by the Welsh as their National College. It was Leicester in the same reign who, designing to exclude for ever the influence of Rome, introduced a religious test which narrowed the University into a Church of England institution, and gave it that peculiarly Anglican character in virtue of which Oxford and Cambridge stand alone among the universities of Europe. The fashion that has made of Oxford a city of "dreaming spires" was first set by William of Wykeham, who built New College chapel. After that there was for a time a sort of mania for adding pinnacles to any College building or church that would receive them. Mr. Headlam's account of the growth of the University deals very thoroughly with the architecture, the religious controversies, the political embroilments—with the Oxford, in short, of the historian and antiquary. The development of her studies is, in comparison, somewhat neglected. Nor does Mr. Headlam do justice to the Oxford of the nineteenth century; his interest seems to end with "Jacobite Oxford," and he is content to sum up in a little over two pages all that has made Oxford a centre of English thought ever since she ceased to be a camp or to entertain a court. The whole Oxford Movement is dismissed in three sentences. This is to give an effect of lack of proportion to an admirable piece of work.

The illustrations, by Mr. Herbert Railton, are charming, and are beautifully reproduced; they are more successful, because more easily recognizable, than his drawings for the companion volume, 'Cambridge,' recently noticed in our columns. The index is hardly full enough for a work of this sort, and there are strange omissions, as for instance the important college of Trinity. On page 354 Mr. Headlam speaks of "Dumas, the prince of highwaymen," and alludes to the famous tale of the lady who redeemed her luggage by dancing a coranto on the green. *Dumas* in this case is apparently a misprint (which is repeated in the index) for *Duval*. In his 'Cambridge,' Dean Stubbs did not so much as mention the Women's Colleges. Mr. Headlam has at least referred, in a footnote, to their existence at Oxford.

Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation. By Lafcadio Hearn. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The "attempt at interpretation" made here by the late Mr. Hearn was to trace the political and moral life of the Japanese people to their religion, and that, too, in its restricted sense of ancestor-worship.

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As every student of either ethnology or comparative religion knows, there has been, from first to last of human progress, an interaction between all human culturals, namely, between industry, knowledge, art, conduct, and religion, just because all are but varying functions of one unitary mind. Mr. Hearn has made an intimate and powerful contribution to such interaction between conduct (politics and morality) and religion, but has traced the interaction only one way—from, and not to, the religion; so that an unwary reader might be misled into supposing that in Japan religion was the primal and commanding human function. Here, as elsewhere, however, morality arose and constantly stands upon its own basis in man's nature, though often reinforced by religious conceptions. Mr. Hearn sometimes writes from this correct view of the coördination of morals and religion, as on page 511: "Certainly her [Japan's] power to accomplish what she has accomplished was derived from her old religious *and* social training." And again, on page 177: "So the conduct compelled through many generations by religious *and* civil authority tends eventually to become almost instinctive." (The italics are our own.) But on other occasions, as well as by the whole spirit and structure of the work, Mr. Hearn claims determinative influence for religion. Thus, at page 57, the Japanese Hirata is quoted to the effect that "Devotion to the memory of ancestors is the mainspring of all virtue," when Mr. Hearn continues: "From the sociologist's point of view, Hirata is right; it is unquestionably true that the whole system of Far Eastern ethics derives from the religion of the household. By aid of that cult have been evolved all ideas of duty to the living as well as to the dead—the sentiment of reverence, the sentiment of loyalty, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and the spirit of patriotism." But Hirata was apologist for the reviving Shintoism of the early nineteenth century against Buddhism, just as Mr. Hearn is now of the moribund Shintoism against Christianity.

Indeed, the whole work may fairly be regarded as a *Tendenzschrift* with the above-named object in view, as the author discloses on his last page but one:

"Perhaps this book, in spite of many shortcomings, will not fail to convince some thoughtful persons that the constitution of Far Eastern society presents insuperable obstacles to the propaganda of Western religion as hitherto conducted; that these obstacles now demand, more than at any previous epoch, the most careful and humane consideration; and that the further needless maintenance of an uncompromising attitude towards them can result in nothing but evil."

Not only Western religion, however, but Western competitive industrialism, is working against Far Eastern social structure; for all Western institutions are now individualistic, whereas all Eastern ones are communalistic, between which systems there can be no peace, though some system which shall "sublate" or synthetize the two may prove attainable to man.

An unequivocal case of this disposition to refer the foundation of everything admirable to religion occurs on page 162: "The Japanese love of cleanliness—indicated by the universal practice of daily bathing and by the irreproachable condition of their homes—has been maintained and was probably originated by their religion." The curious reader might inquire why one should attribute this unique effect to so general a cause as religion. An analogous error was perpetrated by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain in his 'Things Japanese,' as follows: "The Japanese passion for bathing leads all classes to make extensive use of the hot mineral springs in which this volcano-studded land abounds." Here the cart before the horse is pretty clear, and it seems much saner to attribute love of bathing to nature's provision of baths, for were not the baths on the ground first, and do not the Japanese heat the water of their artificial baths to an extreme of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit, which no other people can tolerate, in order to secure not only the cleansing, but the warmth—well-nigh necessary in the winter without warmed houses—that these natural baths afford? Besides, why did not this "passion for bathing" or this "religion" lead the Japanese to use their rivers and bays for bathing? It did not, and Japanese learned from foreigners such benefit as these offer; and in summer the rivers are muddy, while the sea is cold nine months in the year.

The second leading error of Mr. Hearn is to derive all religion from ancestorism, and practically to reduce all religion to it. Plain cases of the claim for derivation occur at pages 36, 38, 65, and 121. The text at page 65 reads: "Even where Japanese ancestor-worship evolved a mythology, its gods were only transfigured ghosts—and this is the history of all mythology." The last clause is inspired by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is repeatedly quoted throughout the work, and is the only writer on the science of religion that is quoted. Shintoism, the ethnic faith of the Japanese, bears evidence to the *fusion* of naturism with animism, indeed, but none at all to the derivation of either one from the other; and Mr. Hearn was discreet enough to skip what Spencer attempted in vain to show, just how, when, and where the ghosts were "transfigured" into nature-gods. The gaps in the passage on pages 121-123 are obvious enough to a reader who seeks light on this problem. But to Mr. Hearn "ancestor-worship is the real religion of Japan," in spite of the commanding influence exercised upon the daily life of the nation by such deities as Amaterasu (sun), Susano (rain-storm), and Daikoku (moon).

Despite the special pleading of the book, its mass of details on the religious and moral life gleaned by Mr. Hearn through long years of intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with the Japanese, will prove invaluable to the student of religion or sociology, and interesting reading to all who love men or care for mental travel. Here, as one would expect from the author, the practices which discredit Japanese life are either omitted or are buried in footnotes. Perhaps, however, we already knew these well enough, and certainly we needed more to learn the good traits which are easily overlooked in us all.

The Divine Comedy of Dante: The Inferno. A Translation and Commentary by Marvin R. Vincent. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is an ungrateful task to disparage a book made with love and earnest purpose by a careful scholar, even though the product seem to be of doubtful utility. Such a work is Professor Vincent's translation of the "Inferno"—to be followed shortly by the "Purgatorio." Dr. Vincent has turned Dante's poem into blank verse, rendering it with ingenious literalness and, as far as possible, line for line. He says in his preface:

"I have made a literal translation, and have not attempted to produce a smooth and elegant English poem; such an attempt will inevitably land any translator in florid paraphrase. . . . At the very best, translation is 'disenchantment.' . . . Literal translation will confront its readers with not a few novel, startling, and occasionally disagreeable forms of expression. For these Dante and not his translator must be held responsible."

Whether this last statement is quite just to the Italian poet, the reader may judge by comparing the following version with the familiar lines of the original:

"For pastime, we, one day,
Were reading about Launcelot, how Love
Enthralled him. All alone we were, and naught
Suspecting. Oft our eyes that reading urged
To meet, and drove the color from each face.
But that which overcame us was one place
Alone. When, how the smile that woke desire
Was kissed by lover such as he, we read,
This one who never shall be parted from me,
All trembling, kissed my mouth. Galeotto was
The book, and he that wrote it. We, that day,
No further read therein."

As may be seen from this specimen, Dr. Vincent's verse is devoid of poetic beauty: it is harsh, unrhythmical, bald in expression, and full of clumsy, needless transpositions, which often obscure the sense. It is safe to say that nobody, without reference to the Italian, could understand the clause

"When, how the smile that woke desire
Was killed by lover such as he, we read,"

which in the original, be it noted, contains *no inversion. On the other hand, it should* in justice be stated that Dr. Vincent's rendering is almost uniformly accurate.

The author explains as follows the publication of his volume: "The last quarter of a century has witnessed such a notable revival of interest in Dante, and so many valuable contributions to Dante literature, that I have been led to believe that there is room for a new Translation and Commentary, in the light of these later contributions." Now, there are two classes of readers who might conceivably profit by such a book: first, those who wish to study the original with the help of a "pony"; second, those who, being ignorant of Italian, desire to read the famous poem in English. For the first class, the present work comes into competition with Professor Norton's prose translation, which, in its new edition, is quite a match for it in up-to-date scholarship. The only advantage offered by the new version is the division into short lines, which makes it easier to keep one's place; and this external merit is abundantly outweighed by the greater literalness of Professor Norton's prose, not to mention the fascination of his stately, poetic diction. For those readers, on the other hand, who are to derive from a translation their first and perhaps their only impression of the 'Commedia,' minute exactness is less important than clearness and literary grace; and in these respects Dr. Vincent's attempt is inferior to several earlier efforts. Dean Plumptre's version, for instance, while modern enough and sufficiently faithful, conveys some of the charm of the Italian.

A concise introduction to Dr. Vincent's work contains the information indispensable

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to an understanding of Dante's world. The copious notes, which follow the text, afford all necessary help for the literal interpretation of the poem. A few inaccuracies may be noted, although they are of little significance to the general reader. Dr. Vincent makes, for instance, the common mistake of confounding the northern hemisphere with the hemisphere of land. One would gather, also, from his statement, that the situation of Purgatory in the middle of the ocean was a part of the Ptolemaic system. The sphere of fire is said to begin at the entrance of Purgatory proper, an opinion not generally accepted and apparently irreconcilable with Dante's description of Eden. Dante nowhere in the 'Commedia' says that at the fall of Lucifer "the earth fled away . . . northward, forming the pit of hell"; he speaks only of the flight in the opposite direction, and so the inconsistency found by Dr. Vincent disappears. The etymological information, "*oc* is *hoc est, oil* is *hoc illud est*," seems, to say the least, unfortunately phrased. "Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, and Bonaventura" were "contemporary with Dante" only in the sense that they died after his birth. It is hard to see just what the author means by denying that the Empire is a temporal agent, and declaring that it is "a spiritual agency no less than the Church"; Dante tells us that the object of the Empire is the "beatitudo *hujus* vitæ." Of the 'Commedia' we are told: "In a literal sense it is Dante's own spiritual biography; in another sense it is the spiritual biography of man as man"—a definition quite at variance with the almost equally unsatisfactory statement in the Letter to Can Grande, which work the author himself repeatedly mentions, always referring to it, by the way, as if it were unquestionably Dante's own.

These blemishes amount to nothing in comparison with the general trustworthiness of the annotation. There is, however, one fundamental defect in the whole exposition: the commentary is devoted almost exclusively to the letter, and grants to "the things signified through the letter" only the most fleeting and perfunctory recognition. For example, nearly a full page (p. 257) of fine print is given up to the discussion of an unimportant geographical detail, while the much debated *tre fiere*, in which many scholars now see a clue to the entire symbolism of the "Inferno," are dismissed with a scant eight lines of the most antiquated comment. What would Dante have thought of an interpretation that concerned itself only with the literal sense, or "fiction," neglecting the "sposizione allegorica e *vera*"?

The Luxury of Children, and Some Other Luxuries. By Edward Sandford Martin. Harper & Bros. 1904.

In this slight but very entertaining book Mr. Martin touches the question of "race suicide" with a lighter hand than is usually brought to bear on that overworked topic. We have been told that there was a time in the history of Arabia when any daughters who threatened to be superfluous were put out of the way to save the family pride, which might one day have to face a misalliance. It is from some such solicitude, says Mr. Martin, that American families tend to be too small. "Solicitude for posterity has gone too far when existence has been denied to a possible citizen for fear he may never own a steam yacht." If only Americans would realize that children are luxuries, they would never be so self-denying. They would take pride in a collection of children, just as they now take pride in their pictures and tapestries, and there is really more fun to be got out of luxuries that are alive than out of objects of art whose end is an auction. Every one on the lookout for an intelligent investment should put his money into children; they are gilt-edged securities.

This point of view is one that Mr. Roosevelt has overlooked, but it is probably more convincing than solemn exhortations to do one's duty by the race. If we adopt it we shall never again allude to Jenkins as "a poor man with a large family," or to Jones as a "rich man with one daughter," "as though a man with much money and only one daughter could justly be called rich." If excitement is what you are after, is there any excitement so constant and yet so little liable to pall as that provided by one's family? And yet, says Mr. Martin, with mingled pity and scorn, there are people who think it a luxury to own a victoria in which they may drive in the park, and would regard a schoolboy as an object of expense. There is no stimulant like the possession of children. They incite you to work, they fire you to rub up your rusty Greek and Latin; their table-talk, as they pass through the various stages of education, educates you over again, and keeps you abreast of new studies and new methods. "Greatly important and greatly remunerative," concludes Mr. Martin, "is this business of raising and training children and being trained in turn by them. It comes very near being the best worth-while thing there is."

Nine of the fourteen short essays in the volume are devoted to the praise of children. In "The Pinch of Comfort" we are introduced to Cattlett, to whom a lady of high fashion said, speaking for her group, "You know, Mr. Cattlett, it's only a question of time when we shall be looted." This interesting thought inspired Mr. Cattlett to keep an eye on the best things. "When there is an art sale he watches the papers to see where the best things go. When there is a loan exhibition, he notices where the best things come from." When Newport is really sacked, Mr. Cattlett will be there with a catalogue. Mr. Martin's genial philosophy and ingenious style fit him for the lighter kind of essay, and the volume before us is a very agreeable whole. The illustrations by Miss Sarah Stilwell include several full-page colored plates, while every page has on its margin a study of children reproduced in colors.

The Life and Work of E. J. Peck among the Eskimos. By the Rev. Arthur Lewis. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1904. 8vo, pp. xvi., 350. Portrait and illustrations.

Mr. Peck was an able seaman in her Majesty's navy, who became converted and volunteered for missionary service among the Eskimo of northeastern British America, was ordained, and has since spent his life in the vicinity of Hudson Bay, Labrador, and Cumberland Sound trading posts or whaling stations, endeavoring to "bring to Jesus" the unsophisticated children of the North. He seems to be a good and earnest man, but unfortunate in his biographer.

The book opens, not with an account of Mr. Peck's ideas of Eskimo ethnology—which, however crude and mistaken, would have had a certain interest—but with an uncomprehending compilation from sundry very good authorities on Eskimo life, a sort of intellectual crazy-quilt. It proceeds by telling of Mr. Peck's journeys and their discomforts, where he went, and how he was housed—nothing of his methods of teaching or what he taught, though the general dreariness is lighted up by one or two anecdotes; as of the Eskimo woman who was indignant with the new religion because, by Mr. Peck's account of it, a woman was represented as being the cause of all the subsequent spiritual miseries of mankind—to wit, Mother Eve. Another, who doubted the superiority of Christianity, pointed out to the mortified evangelist as the only Christians he knew, the drunken sailors and debauched traders of the little settlement, and, very naturally, doubted whether he would gain morally by an exchange.

Mr. Peck's labors have doubtless borne some good fruit, not on account of his eighteenth-century theology, but because he is a loving, earnest, and devoted, though ignorant, man. Even the crass incompetence of his biographer cannot hide that from us. But any understanding of the man, his mission, or his successes and failures, to be gained from this book, must be sought between the lines.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Bonnie Scotland. Painted by S. Palmer. Described by A. R. H. Moncrieff. Macmillan Co. $6.

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Hine, Charles D. Letters from an Old Railway Official. Chicago: Railway Age. $1.50.

Home Library, The. Illustrated. Vol. I. Middlebury, Vt.: American Publishing Co.

Huntington, Webster Perit. A Versebook. Columbus, O.: F. J. Heer. $1.25.

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